THE PRISON HABIT **THOMAS E. GADDIS**

THE
NATION

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LETTERS

murderous 'workfare'

Berkeley, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: One aspect of Theodore Roszak's excellent review of J. R. Ravetz's important *Scientific Knowledge and Its Social Problems* [*The Nation,* Mar. 27] can be expanded, I feel, with benefit. He is quite correct in pointing out that Max Born's "old ideal" of science for science's sake is of pretty recent vintage, stemming as it does from the 19th-century German universities where "ethical neutrality and social detachment were the essential spirit." . . .

Propounded as an ideal, this supposed value-free inquiry served in reality as an ideological justification in the universities' struggle to acquire latitude and esteem and to maintain privileges while serving an absolutist state. Ben-David and Zloczower point out *(Archives Européenes de Sociologie)* that the ideology of ethical neutrality and hothouse atmosphere in research is a doctrine

> best suited to maintain the delicate balance in a situation where free, non-utilitarian enquiry was supported and given high status by an absolutist state; and where free-thinking intellectuals taught students sharing the autocratic views of the rulers, and prepared for government careers as judges, prosecutors, teachers, and civil servants.

This "essential spirit of social detachment and ethical neutrality" can be interpreted as a tactical response to the pressures of the Prussian state for institutional and class protection.

This doctrine is now the metaphysical underpinning of a huge scientific complex which serves as a willing handmaiden to the obscene activities of a power-crazed state. The obvious case of the comfortable scientist designing human-maiming devices in his air-conditioned laboratory has begun to cause some unease among some of his colleagues; but the real effort must be made to see that the entire enterprise of research as presently constituted serves to undergird a system of class privilege and oppression—a "workfare" program for the middle classes with sometimes murderous results. To camouflage these activities with notions of "pure" science serves to blind the practitioners to the consequences of their action and ease their consciences while distorting the political issues of resource allocation. . . .

John R. Cunningham

more than bouncer

Brooklyn, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS: I note at least one roundhouse-*cum*-below-the-belt blow in Michael Toner's "ITT Subdivides Paradise" [*The Nation,* May 1]. It is in the tendentious description of my old friend, Dr. Norman Young, as a "former dance hall bouncer and ad man," without filling in the rest of the remarkable picture. . . .

Having known Norm Young academically and professionally these many years, I find that you omitted some matters of more than passing pertinence: he has been a respected faculty member of several major universities; he has presented many scientific papers before significant bodies such as the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the American Psychological Association, among others; he was an analyst with the U.S. Public Health Service; he has been a contributor to scientific journals; he was a senior research psychologist for an important Carnegie Foundation for Education project. . . .

Dance hall bouncer indeed! An esteemed medium like *The Nation,* in an article on city building, should have indicated the richness of background pertinent to the issue rather than mentioning how a New Yorker worked his way through school.

Abraham Bernstein, Professor of Education
Brooklyn College

EDITORIALS

CAMPAIGN '72

Opportunities and Dangers

John Mitchell is a confident man these days. McGovern, the likely Democratic nominee, will alienate "the vital center." Wallace will probably be unable to run as a third-party candidate, so Nixon will sweep the South. The war issue may still be a bit sticky, but the economy is reviving. It makes a nice scenario, but add just one detail and see what happens. Suppose the Democrats nominate McGovern and *then* nominate Senator Kennedy for Vice President. Kennedy might accept if he thought it was the best way, as it would be, to marshal the active support and enthusiasm of blacks, labor leaders, blue-collar workers, ethnics, regular and machine Democrats such as Daley, the elderly and, above all, the salvageable segment of the Wallace "alienated" vote. Considerations that might handicap Kennedy as a Presidential nominee would not arise if he did something as dramatic and surprising as accept second place on the ticket. It may not happen, but it could, and if it did Mitchell might want to take another look at the odds he seems to be offering.

* * *

The issuance by Cardinal Cooke of what a spokesman has characterized as "a major policy statement" on the war is not without political interest. The statement commits the Cardinal firmly if cautiously against the war, which up to now has received his tacit support. The spokesman said that the Cardinal had decided to speak now because he fears that "extremism is confusing people so they can't think calmly and sensibly about the war." No doubt such incidents as the recent demonstration by nuns, mostly from the Sisters of Charity, at St. Patrick's Cathedral have concerned the Cardinal.

But there is reason to believe that his letter is, in part at least, a response to mounting pressures from within the Church. It is significant that it came on the heels of a statement from the American Catholic Coalition for Peace, an *ad hoc* group that carries more than sixty-five names of clergy, religious and laymen, including six bishops, the president and nine members of the faculty of Woodstock College and the Rev. Thomas F. Stransky, C.S.P., president of the Paulist Fathers. The statement bluntly labels U.S. military measures in Vietnam as "immoral" and notes that the signatories felt "bound in conscience" to speak out.

The coalition developed out of a meeting in Kansas City in January, the so-called Ecumenical Witness Conference, which had been initiated but not sponsored by the National Council of Churches at a meeting last June. At that time, the Rev. David J. Bowman, S.J.—special assistant to the General Secretary of the National Council—was released from his regular duties as liaison aide to undertake the Catholic staffing of the conference. Some 600 individuals attended, including 200 Catholics, fifty or sixty Jews, and representatives of the various Protestant denominations participating in the Council. The coalition developed out of a caucus of the Catholics present.

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From its inception, the war has been of special concern to American Catholics because of the number of Catholics in South Vietnam. Through what might be called the Diem phase of the war, the leadership of the Church gave strong institutional support to American intervention. But that support has steadily eroded. Last November, the Catholic bishops issued a statement which said that "whatever good we [U.S.] hope to achieve through continued involvement is now outweighed by the destruction of human life and moral values which it inflicts." After Cardinal Cooke's statement, there does not seem to be much left by way of official or institutional Catholic support for the war.

The Cardinal's letter, cautiously worded as it is, should dampen the President's current efforts to win Catholic support, particularly in New York. As a footnote to this effort, it might be pointed out that for some time now the Rev. John McLaughlin, S. J. has been attached to the White House staff as speech writer and general aide. Father McLaughlin unsuccessfully opposed Sen. John Pastore (D., R.I.) in the 1970 election (the vote: 107,351 for McLaughlin, 230,469 for Pastore). Shortly after the election he was invited to join the White House Staff. In the same year, the Rev. Robert F. Drinan, S. J. was elected to the House as a Democrat from the 3rd Congressional District in Massachusetts. This year Father Drinan faces a difficult race, in part because redistricting has reduced his total constituency from about 503,000 to 470,000 and has brought about 160,000 new voters into the district. Not only has Representative Drinan had a consistently fine record on such major issues as the war and civil liberties, but he has been highly effective on domestic "bread-and-butter" issues and in serving the day-to-day needs and requests of his constituents.

* * *

There is good news from Oregon: McGovern received an estimated 51 per cent of the vote; former Rep. Charles Porter, a premature critic of the war, appears to have won the Democratic nomination in his district; Neil Goldschmidt, a strong critic of the war, will be the next Mayor of Portland (57 per cent of the vote), and that gallant gentleman, Wayne Morse, will be the Democratic nominee for the Senate. Between them, Morse and Mark Hatfield should give the war a thorough airing between now and November 7. John Ashbrook and Paul McCloskey, neither of whom campaigned in Oregon, got about 15 per cent of the vote in the Republican primary—an indication that a small but significant minority of the party may not support Nixon in November.

* * *

On four occasions in the last six years, Everett Groseclose of *The Wall Street Journal* has reported on changing attitudes toward the Vietnamese War in Dodge City, Kan. (pop. 17,000). In 1966, Dodge City was hawkish. In 1967 doubt and misgivings began to surface. By 1969, many had turned downright dovish. Now, in 1972, the mood is a mixture of pessimism, cynicism, fear, despair, helplessness *and* a strong feeling of hostility against continuing U. S. efforts in Vietnam. One person interviewed said: "Vietnam is symbolic of our failure—the failure of our government and institutions of all kinds—to come

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to grips with our problems" (May 23). Symbolic, that is, of political failure. Impressionistic analysis of this kind must be cautiously interpreted, but there is reason to believe that some such mood is fairly widespread. Few support the war or show any enthusiasm for it. But the peace demonstrations are less massive, less volatile and, it would seem, more difficult to sustain. This year the students are staying on campus while the college presidents go to Washington to lobby against the war. John William Ward, president of Amherst, is the first college president to be arrested for civil disobedience. President Richard Lyman of Stanford journeys to Washington to counter if possible any tendency "to write off recent protests as the work of a small, irrelevant minority." Revulsion against the war, he feels, is "as strong as it has ever been . . . but so too is a dangerous and ever growing disenchantment with a political system that has been unable to bring to an end a venture that is now almost universally acknowledged to be immoral at worst, a failure at best." This feeling which appears in communities as different as Dodge City and Stanford stems in part from the situation that bothers W. K. H. Panofsky, the distinguished scientist. To him escalation of the war and the curiously passive response of the Soviet Union "make us all feel like actors in a play between the U. S. and the Soviet Union in which we don't know the plot."

The phony debates on the war in 1964 and 1968 are not likely to be repeated. But what would happen if the present crisis in Vietnam *seemed* to be receding? Or if a "plot" is hatched in Moscow. It wouldn't be announced; we would learn of it as the details unfolded. Or the Paris negotiations might resume and *appear* to offer hope of an early settlement. Then—given the massive sentiment against the war and the frustrations it has engendered—a majority might once again vote for war, thinking that it was voting for peace. To prevent this from happening the Democrats must keep Nixon on the defensive. They must hammer on the way he has prolonged, escalated, and extended the war. They must get across the idea that a cease-fire would not mean that the war-making machine Nixon represents had learned a lesson. In brief, they must be prepared to make the difficult case that the issue of *war*—war in general—is larger than the issue of this war in Vietnam which everyone detests. Given the fact that a large section of the electorate is "disillusioned with and alienated from the political process," it would be dangerous indeed if a majority this year were to vote for what it might be persuaded to believe was "a generation of peace," but then found itself still at war—in Vietnam or somewhere else. The "message" from Dodge City is that people are running out of confidence in the system and its politics.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

The 'Gun Control' Serial

It keeps running and running—surely it must be the envy of TV serial producers. Every assassin's gun starts it off again, but it differs from entertainment in that it is interrupted by intervals of seeming quiescence, during which the media find proposals for gun control boring. The unpublicized toll is continuous, however. On the day that Governor Wallace was gunned down, twelve other named individuals were shot, and all of them died. Had it not been for the attempted assassination of Wallace, the twelve would have died unnoticed, except for routine reports in the local press. The yearly gun-death total is about 21,000—an average of fifty-seven per day—of which slightly more than 9,000 were murders. By contrast, according to Florence Mouckley in *The Christian Science Monitor*, in Britain there were in 1970 only twenty-nine killings from all firearms. Even allowing for the difference in population (one to four), the contrast is amazing—and appalling.

The arguments are all in, yet the prospects are poor for any kind of effective gun-control legislation. Senator Kennedy sums it up: "It cannot be said that this serious national issue must be debated and studied in order for the Senate to act. For as long as I have been in the Senate, the Judiciary Committee has conducted at least thirty-five days of hearings on gun control. More than 150 witnesses have testified about federal firearms legislation. Until 1969, three succeeding Attorneys General had appeared before the committee and stated that federal firearms legislation is one of the most important and meaningful recommendations that could be made to halt crime and violence in the country." But all this attention has availed nothing.

The Nation has had experience along the same lines. We published a fine piece by Franklin E. Zimring, "Getting Serious About Guns," in our issue of April 10. Within hours after the Wallace shooting, we began to receive requests by telephone for permission to reprint. Up to the time of the shooting, those editors had shown no enthusiasm for the piece.

The excitement which flares up with every assassination and attempted assassination soon dies down, in part because the media let it die. Aside from this neglect, and correlated with it, is a problem in popular psychology. "Gun control" has joined the code phrases which dominate the thinking of the half-literate. It means leftist, abortion-minded, anti-American, anti-war; in short, bad—just plain bad.

Then there is fear, deep down, ranging from deranged patriots, who are ready with rifles to repel the Russians on the beaches, to the quasi-rational fear of aggravated molestation—the housewives who buy handguns in fear of rape and the male householders who are ready to blaze away at a midnight intruder. Of course the kids may get hold of papa's gun and kill themselves or their playmates. That possibility seems to be less frightening, but probably more children than intruders are killed by revolvers and automatics. Nor does this type of believer in guns usually take into account that a handgun is not a precision weapon, and that only with frequent practice can a citizen hit a target as large as a man at 20 feet, particularly under conditions of extreme tension.

"Sports" notions and ignorance contribute to the resentment against gun control. "Saturday Night Specials" are not sporting guns. Patently ludicrous arguments are adduced, such as the hoary, "You can't keep the criminal from getting a gun." Does that mean you should make it easy for him? Wouldn't it be worth while to cut the odds that are now in his favor?

The National Rifle Association is a powerful factor

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in the fight against gun control. NRA has a million members and, as *The Wall Street Journal* says in one of its three valuable roundup articles on gun control (May 18, 19 and 24), it carries much weight in Congress. The NRA principle is that any relaxation of the free-born American's right to possess and carry any firearms he pleases will result in complete prohibition—the abolition of American Legion turkey shoots and like amusements. The lobbying which the NRA does directly has been exaggerated; in fact, the members, indoctrinated through NRA's *The American Rifleman*, take care of the lobbying. The organization once boasted that an appeal from headquarters to its members would produce half a million letters to Congressmen within seventy-two hours.

President Nixon became an NRA member in 1957. The White House reports that he resigned after his election in 1968, but an official of the NRA maintains that Mr. Nixon's membership is still in force. Whatever the facts, if Mr. Nixon would come out emphatically for gun control, the outlook for effective legislation would be a good deal brighter. It is urgently needed, even though Governor Wallace was against it, and still is. One does not wish to be critical of a man in his plight, but his stand in this matter is just one more reason for not taking him seriously as a Presidential contender.

The U.S. and the U.N.

In a shameful exhibition of Know-nothingism, the House has approved, 202 to 156, the report of the House Appropriations Committee that would slash U.S. contributions to the U.N. by $30 million. The appropriations bill cuts the current 33 per cent ceiling on U.S. support (proportional to total support) to 25 per cent. In terms of dollars, the bill sets our fiscal 1973 contributions at $46.9 million—approximately $10 million below our 1972 contributions, and $14 million below the figure requested in the President's 1973 budget.

In part, the action flowed from the squalid mind of Rep. John J. Rooney (D., N.Y.), chairman of the subcommittee on the U.N. and a confirmed hater of the U.N. That is one more good reason for bouncing him this year; the Democrats in the district have an excellent option in the primary, where Allard Lowenstein is opposing Rooney.

But major responsibility for the debacle rests on the Nixon Administration which, as Arthur Goldberg stated at the opening of a high-level Columbia University seminar held recently at Harriman, N.Y., has consistently undercut the United Nations. The Administration made angry noises at the time of China's admission because of the glee expressed by some Assembly delegates. The same incident is cited in the House as justification of its idiotic action. Then, also, Spiro Agnew has been axing away at the U.N., calling it little more than a platform for left-wing elements. The Harriman conference brought out that the United States has not lost interest in the U.N. because of its diminished capacity to deal with international outlawry; rather, our loss of interest is largely responsible for the U.N.'s present low state. Prof. Richard Gardner of Columbia cited such American actions as imports of Rhodesian ore, despite U.N. sanctions; failure to build new office space for the overcrowded U.N. staff; refusal to pay dues to the International Labor Organization and one of the international loan funds, and similar actions verging on sabotage.

All this is doubly sad because the new Secretary General, Kurt Waldheim, has been striving to reactivate the U.N. as a force for peace. The news media have paid scarcely any attention to the Secretary General's recent statements on the subject, the Congress even less. The Administration's deliberate neglect of the world body is of particular moment on the occasion of still another summit. As former U.S. Ambassador Charles W. Yost puts it: "To speak of a 'structure of peace' in the last third of the 20th century with only a heterogeneous assortment of rival great powers in mind, without thought of the world society of which the United Nations is the emerging prototype," is to miss the forest for the trees. "A stable structure of peace will have to be big enough for everyone, even though large states will play the largest part in it. There is a far better chance that great-power ambitions can be contained and controlled inside legally constituted international institutions, than by precarious balances, combinations and accommodations among themselves."

George Sanchez

Washington has its full share of memorials for national heroes—explorers, generals, admirals, Presidents, statesmen—whose reputations have been certified, sanctified, and recorded in song and story and first-grade readers. But what Washington does not have, and needs, is a People's Pantheon, a memorial to those men and women who never attained widespread national fame but who served the true interests of the people better, in many cases, than the "official" heroes.

Consider, for example, Dr. George Sanchez, of the University of Texas, who died recently. Born in Albuquerque, Dr. Sanchez was educated in the elementary and secondary schools of New Mexico and Arizona and received degrees from the University of Texas and the University of California after graduating from the University of New Mexico. No one knew more about what was wrong with the education of Spanish-speaking children in the public schools of the Southwest, or did more to correct the stupid and inept teaching practices which mangled the education of so many of these youngsters for so many years. His performance in this one area was heroic and memorable.

All those who have written about the Spanish-speaking are indebted to Dr. Sanchez for his little book *Forgotten People* (1940), about the Spanish-speaking in New Mexico, a classic in the field. He also published important studies of the educational systems of Mexico and Venezuela as well as a fine book *The People: A Study of the Navajos* (1948). He served as educational specialist on the staff of the Coordinator for Inter-American Affairs and on the board of the Peace Corps when it was first established. But it was as professor of Latin American education from 1940 until his death that he gained national recognition as a teacher and scholar. Upon learning of his death, one of his many doctoral students com-

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mented, "I'm sorry for all the students who will never know him." His record at the University of Texas indicates that he supervised more than sixty-five masters' theses and some twenty-eight doctoral dissertations.

But he was a great deal more than a scholar. In the finest sense of the term, he was an activist. He made it possible for others to make the best use of his scholarly research, his remarkable experience and his shrewd insights. A generation of young Mexican-Americans who are now transforming the status of the Spanish-speaking have been, in a sense, taught by him even if they never studied with him. He was a man of rare courage and infectious high spirits who never hesitated to say what he thought about bigotry and prejudice and institutional stupidities; he was never in awe of the high and mighty. Rep. J. J. Pickle, speaking in the House on May 2, said of him: "He has served well the cause of Spanish-speaking peoples in this country and abroad. And in so doing he has served well his country and his fellow man everywhere." The Washington Establishment will erect no memorial to him but he deserves a place of honor in the People's Pantheon of the future.

'WE ZIPPED IT LOW THIS YEAR'

WOMEN'S MAGS: THE CHIC SELL

NANCY HENRY
Ms. Henry, a TV reporter and producer, is at present appearing on Channel 13's WNET-syndicated review of the media series, Behind the Lines.

It has been a cruel decade for the magazine business. Rising production costs, postal increases and soaring paper prices have made it much more difficult to turn a profit. Television has proved a tough competitor for advertising and audience, and many of the mass circulation giants, among them *Life, Look* and *The Saturday Evening Post,* have floundered or failed in the contest.

While other publications have struggled to survive, women's magazines have demonstrated a remarkable resistance to malnutrition. Dynamic editors who understand their readers' interests have undoubtedly played an important role, but perhaps the essential element in the success formula of the women's magazines is a "soft" advertising-editorial policy. An unusual degree of cooperation exists between the editorial staff and the advertising sales department.

Loyal advertisers are crucial for most magazines, because subscriptions and newsstand sales rarely cover 40 per cent of production costs. Consequently, a degree of coziness exists between the editorial and advertising departments of many magazines. Even *Look* and *The Saturday Evening Post,* which generally followed a "hard" policy, ran annual cover stories on new automobiles. Those issues were invariably jammed with car ads. In such cases, editors inevitably insist that the story was scheduled first, then the salesmen went out to beat the bushes. But that scarcely disposes of the problem of editorial integrity. And nowhere are the dangers more dramatically demonstrated than in the women's magazines, where ads and editorial copy abundantly intertwine.

The editors of women's magazines are particularly susceptible to advertiser influence because they are *always* writing about the products of the companies that support them. The bulk of the service magazines (*Good Housekeeping, Family Circle, Woman's Day,* etc.) consists of features advising the homemaker how to spend her food, fashion and furnishings budget. Most of their advertising also falls into these categories. *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* purport to be the definitive guide for upper-income women seeking beauty and fashion perfection. Their ads, mostly for cosmetics and clothes, tout the brands the articles publicize.

As "special interest" publications, the women's magazines promise the advertiser a precise target for his sales pitch. However, these magazines can offer much more than space: if an advertiser's product is mentioned favorably in the editorial columns—the endorsement being presumably objective—the reader's confidence in the magazine rubs off on that product. These magazines speak with authority; that is one of their great advantages over spot ads on daytime television. Their publishers capitalized on that prestige in their trade paper ads, and in such trademarks as the *Ladies' Home Journal*'s "The magazine women believe in," and *Good Housekeeping*'s description of itself as "The magazine America lives by." A recent *Family Circle* was almost embarrassingly explicit: after telling advertisers how its editorial encourages women's home creativity, the punch line read, "Her husband knows self-expression costs money . . . and she spends it."

Most editors and publishers of magazines that offer themselves as impartial consumer guides are understandably reluctant to discuss the widespread practice of giving advertisers preferential treatment in the editorial pages. However, *Vogue* publisher, Richard Shortway, says bluntly, "The cold, hard facts of magazine publishing mean that those who advertise get editorial coverage." As an example, Shortway pointed out that for the past five years *Vogue*'s January 1st cover has featured the David Crystal firm's La Coste dress with the alligator emblem. "Now that is not the most dynamic dress in the world," said Shortway. "We zipped it low this year to give it a little pizazz. But from this cover, the firm will probably sell forty or fifty thousand of that one dress."

Page trading, a one-for-one exchange of editorial pages for advertising pages, is another bait used by women's magazines to lure advertisers. With ad pages priced from

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around $6,800 in *Harper's Bazaar* to about $39,000 in the *Ladies' Home Journal,* the financial rewards can be substantial. It is often difficult for the casual reader to pinpoint such relationships, because the advertising payoff may appear in a different issue or be spread out over several issues. Occasionally, however, ads and their complementary features are run simultaneously, as in last October's *Good Housekeeping*. That issue carried an 8-page home decorating feature, "Fresh Ideas for More Livable Living," which describes the rooms shown as "Debut '72," and calls it an effort by the home furnishings industry "to bring you fresh ideas and inspiration." If the reader is still not persuaded to refurbish the house, the front of the magazine has yet another 8 pages headlined, "Debut '72" and consisting of brand-name advertisements. The layout of the two sections is so similar that it is difficult to distinguish the article from the $230,000 of paid promotion.

The "Debut '72" article may well have been scheduled before the salesmen went out to corral the advertising, but that leaves unanswered the question of how long an editor can retain independent judgment if enjoined to choose stories according to their prospects for generating advertising, or to coordinate an article's phraseology with advertising copy.

Some particularly obtrusive instances of stories developed especially to accommodate advertisers appeared late last fall during the great fake hair boom. Several of the women's magazines came forth simultaneously with articles, features and in two cases entire issues promoting wigs. The inspiration for all these stories is evident in a May 24, 1971 *Advertising Age* article headlined "Wig Makers Flip Over Prospects for Soaring Sales." *Ad Age,* the trade bible, reported that the Monsanto Chemical Company planned to spend $4 million to $5 million—"more money than was spent by the whole wig industry last year"—to advertise its new Elura wig fiber. *Ad Age* also reported that Dynel Wigs had set an ad budget of $2 million—"more money than we've ever spent"—and that the Kanegafuchi Chemical Company would spend a "healthy sum" to promote its Kanekalon II wig fiber.

The November issues revealed the extremes to which some editors were willing to go to capture choice pieces of this advertising pie for their publication. Trying to outdo each other on behalf of the wig industry, *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* devoted entire issues to the promotion of artificial tresses.

Beginning with a bewigged Raquel Welch on the cover, *Bazaar* complemented 16 full-page wig ads with more than 35 editorial pages plugging wigs. Beauty editor Shirley Lord's lead article, captioned, "Yes, She Is Wearing Her Wig in the Bath," set the tone for the issue with the declaration, "It isn't a question of whether one should own a wig. The question is how many." And almost every model in the issue was indeed wearing a wig.

Vogue gave its wholehearted approval to wigs with a cover photograph, more than 34 pages of editorial plugs, and three articles by the beauty editors. One of the latter proclaimed, "the simple and wonderful fact that synthetic, store-bought hair is a vast improvement over the home-grown variety any way you look at it." The reward was 21 full-page wig ads, a take of roughly $142,000 for *Vogue.*

The *Ladies' Home Journal* was apparently also pitching for a piece of the action. Its November beauty section featured an extensive article called "Wigs for Women on the Go," which detailed the differences in wig fibers and told how to wear and care for wigs. Full-page layouts picturing Barbara Walters and Pia Lindstrom wearing various Elura and Dynel wigs further embellished the wig theme. Yet, in spite of the solicitude for the industry, the *Journal* did not attract many wig ads, a failure explained by a Monsanto spokesman who noted that Elura wigs were generally priced to sell to women in a higher income bracket than that of the average *Journal* reader.

Strangely enough, editor James Brady chose *Harper's Bazaar*'s November issue, the very issue that was a model of total cooperation between the editorial staff and the advertising sales staff, to announce a new era of editorial independence at the magazine. On the editor's page, Brady wrote that his first memo to the *Bazaar* staff "had broken with the old slick fashion magazine tradition that advertisers get preferential treatment on the editorial pages. I don't really care what the competition does to woo the advertiser," said Brady. "On this question *Bazaar* must be on the side of the angels. The editorial staff here will make all editorial decisions on the basis of news and fashion merit. This is the only way to put out an honest publication that the reader will believe in and trust. And in the long run, this is what advertisers want: a magazine that tells the truth and has reader confidence."

Brady excuses the discrepancy between his remarks on the editorial page and the remainder of the issue as "something I inherited. I came in in August, and that issue was already blocked out. I felt the honorable thing to do would be to honor those commitments that my predecessor had made. I did that, and we worked off all of those commitments by the end of December."

Contrasting the present regime with the past, Brady says, "The reader now knows that if we show something on the cover of *Bazaar* or we give it 4 pages or 8 pages inside, it's because we believe that it's a great dress or a great suit, or a great new fashion look—not because we've been paid to put it in there. Our fashion editor, China Machado, now has total authority in that area. She has 45 pages to feature clothes in an average issue. Now she's going to pick the best forty-five things she can find. In the past, advertiser pressure was such that perhaps she would have thirty-five things dictated to her and ten things that were really her own choice."

However, Brady's housecleaning has left a few dusty corners, and only an insider can assess how extensive his reform truly is. One suspect practice that continues is the plugging of perfumes by brand name on the fashion pages. It is also questionable to provide superfluous information, such as lush descriptions of a clotheshorse's lipstick or eyeshadow brand and color, when the photograph appears in black and white. In the May issue, a full-page ad for Fabergé nail polish urges, "Look Lacquered" with the "Lacquered Look from Xanadu." A few pages later, a blurb written by the beauty editor reinforces the effect of the advertisement by employing phrases identical to the ad copy's slogans.

John Mack Carter took over the ailing *Ladies' Home*

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Journal in 1965 and steered the magazine to a record 7 million circulation and $46 million annual advertising revenues. Like most editors, Carter insists that the advertising department has absolutely no influence over the editorial side of the magazine, but there are subtle indications of cooperation. For example, the *Journal* features a monthly section of patterns, and employs a full-time patterns editor with an assistant. Yet, for several years, the only brand of patterns chosen for display in this section has been Simplicity—which also happens to be the only pattern company that advertises in the magazine. (Similar arrangements exist at *Glamour* with Butterick patterns, and at *McCall's* with McCall's patterns.) Carter's lame defense for this situation: "The simple answer is, Simplicity is the largest pattern company in the world. By the time our pattern people get through with the available material in Simplicity . . . there really isn't any room or need to go to other companies. It's really for our own benefit—our own simplicity of operation that we go to a single pattern company to get it."

For Mr. Carter, simplified editing is apparently more important than providing greater service to the reader by exposing her to some of the exclusive features of McCall's, such as their "pounds thinner" patterns, or to Vogue patterns' more intricate designs. A few years back, and under the guidance of the same patterns editor, the *Journal*'s sewing section was almost exclusively the showcase for Vogue patterns. But at that time Vogue was the principal advertising client.

Prepared foods, heavy advertisers in all the service magazines, also receive frequent editorial boosts. Most of the recipes in the *Journal, Good Housekeeping, Family Circle,* etc., stipulate mixes, canned or frozen foods as basic ingredients. Although such processed foods are considerably more expensive, the editors seldom suggest that a cook start from scratch with raw ingredients.

The *Journal* carries advertiser promotion even further in a monthly column called "Poppy Cannon's Meal-A-Day Menus." Miss Cannon's menus always contain a substantial sprinkling of brand-name recommendations, and she takes particular pains to point out advertisers' new products.

Nurturing advertisers can take more insidious forms. The service magazines appear to exercise censorship in their treatment of subjects that concern women but could offend advertisers. Magazines that carry substantial food advertising have yet to publish a major story on research which indicates that some chemical additives in prepared foods may be dangerous. On the other hand, both the *Journal* and *Good Housekeeping* have recently published articles on health foods, and both were negative. The *Journal* story was entitled "The Zen Macrobiotic Diet That Is Killing Our Kids." *Good Housekeeping*'s story, called "The Facts About Those So-Called Health Foods," concludes, "The *Good Housekeeping* Institute believes that good nutrition can be maintained with good quality, simple every day food." The article then refers the reader to its story, "Great American Meals the *Good Housekeeping* Way," which relies heavily on convenience foods.

The abuses of the women's magazines are significant because these publications function as the major source of consumer information for 50 million readers. And, as self-regulation has obvious lapses, the only likely cure is pressure from the better-educated, more sophisticated readers. □

NIXON vs. ROCKEFELLER

THE POLITICS OF ABORTION

PAUL HOFFMAN
Mr. Hoffman, a free-lance writer, frequently covers the political scene in Albany and New York.

Toward the end of the 1972 New York legislative session, a group of Catholic women who dispayed a militancy more appropriate for the cause of the Berrigan brothers than that of their bishops, invaded the Assembly floor to demonstrate for abortion repeal.

While lawmakers on both sides of the issue shouted, "Throw them out!" guards hustled the women into the lobby and the speaker gaveled the session to recess. It was the most exciting moment of the session, commonly regarded by Albany veterans as the "dullest in years." It also had implications quite unrecognized by the placard-bearers for two sharply conflicting views of moral excellence and human welfare. As has happened so often in the recent past, a political maneuver was once again being staged behind the dust of an emotional issue.

In 1970, after four years of agitation, the legislature —by the margin of a single vote—had passed the most liberal abortion law in the nation, allowing abortion at will any time through the first twenty-four weeks of pregnancy. Under the statute, some 350,000 abortions were performed last year.

This year, so-called Right-to-Life groups, openly abetted by the state's eight Roman Catholic dioceses, mounted a massive campaign to repeal the reform and restore the old statute, which allowed abortions only to save the life of the mother.

(Ironically, the 1883 statute was a piece of Protestant prudery, pressed on the state by Anthony Comstock and the Society for the Suppression of Vice. The reasoning in that pre-pill era was, if women couldn't have abortions, they'd have to stop doing what led to them.)

Week after week, hundreds of anti-abortion protesters swarmed into Albany. Lawmakers who opposed sex education in the schools cheerfully addressed anti-abortion speeches to junior high school students, shepherded by their teachers to rallies on the capitol steps. The pro-abor-

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tion forces failed to mobilize until too late. In the final week of the session, the Assembly by 79 to 68 and the Senate by 30 to 27 voted for repeal. With unusual alacrity, Governor Rockefeller vetoed the bill, deploring as he did so "the extremes of personal vilification and political coercion brought to bear on members of the legislature."

But the abortion issue was only a pretext and the dutiful Catholics unknowing mercenaries. Behind the demonstrations, there is evidence of a carefully plotted scheme to turn New York's Republican Party 180 degrees to the right. Although two of its most liberal "glamour boys," Mayor John Lindsay and Westchester Rep. Ogden Reid, have defected to the Democrats, New York's Republican Party remains the fiefdom of Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, and his dependence on at least minimal support from the polyglot city obliges him to keep the party on the liberal side of the GOP "mainstream."

But powerful forces are waiting to grab the reins of power once Rockefeller departs and to reshape the Republican Party of New York to their liking. Chief among them are the Conservative Party, Sen. James Buckley and Lieut. Gov. Malcolm Wilson, a Catholic, conservative, GOP professional who has been waiting in the wings for fourteen years.

The first step in their campaign was to run anti-abortion candidates against incumbent Republican legislators, including Assembly Speaker Perry B. Duryea, Jr., Wilson's chief rival to succeed Rockefeller. In 1970, Duryea, a Protestant, had cast the tie-breaking vote for abortion reform.

The GOP moderates were well aware of the danger they faced. In the 1970 primary, state Sen. D. Clinton Dominick, a co-sponsor of the abortion reform law, had been defeated in his Hudson Valley district by an anti-abortion candidate. In 1972, with the Catholics mobilized, the carnage threatened to be far greater. Rockefeller aides feared that the conservatives could muster a two-thirds majority in the 1973 legislature—enough to override a gubernatorial veto, not only on abortion but on a host of other issues.

The Rockefeller family has long had a concern for birth control. The Governor's brother, John D. Rockefeller III, is probably the nation's leading lay advocate of planned parenthood. He headed the President's Commission on Population Growth, whose pro-abortion recommendations (like those of most Presidential commissions) the President pointedly ignored.

The Governor personally favored the present law. But Rockefeller likes to think of himself as a "problem solver." As I noted in these pages last year ("The End of Liberalism," April 12), "He has no ideology; he holds to no fixed positions; he will sell out any cause he's ever espoused to win what he wants at the moment." What Rockefeller wanted at the moment was to defuse abortion as an issue in the 1972 primaries. He tried a compromise, offering to trim the period for abortions from twenty-four to sixteen weeks. When medical authorities protested that a sixteen-week bill was in reality a twelve-week bill, because abortions are medically not feasible in the third month of pregnancy, Rockefeller agreed to eighteen weeks.

But as any labor mediator can testify, while money differences can always be compromised, moral issues cannot. If an employer offers a $1 raise and the union asks for $2, they'll settle for somewhere around $1.50; but there's no way to compromise a union's insistence on recognition with an employer's refusal to bargain.

So it was with abortion. The militant Catholics would not agree to any statute that continued to allow what they considered "murder" of the unborn, while the pro-abortion forces were equally adamant against retreat from the hard-won reform legislation. Rockefeller was chided even by his brother John for pushing the eighteen-week compromise, and the elder Rockefeller quietly went to work lobbying against any change.

At that point, the President entered the lists, with his letter to Cardinal Cooke endorsing the repeal campaign. The White House has since issued several explanations of how Nixon came to write the letter—first that it was in response to a request from Cardinal Cooke (denied by the archdiocese); then that it was prompted by an item in the New York *Daily News*; finally that it was a purely private communication. None of them rings true.

The word in Republican circles in Albany is that the President's action was prompted by Senator Buckley—who was quick to add his statement of support to the President's letter. Buckley is supposed to have told the President that abortion was an issue with which he could carry New York in November, a lever to pry Catholic Democrats from their traditional party allegiance.

Nixon's dream of carrying New York dies hard. Not until the closing days of the 1968 campaign did he surrender hope of beating Hubert Humphrey in the Empire State. In 1968, he tried to enlist the Jews by making the New York City teachers' strike a Presidential campaign issue; in 1972, he is trying to split off Catholic Democrats with the abortion question.

So the battle of abortion came down to the wire. In the Assembly, GOP members went through a careful ritual so that this time Duryea wouldn't have to cast the deciding vote, thus protecting him in the primary; but abortion is bound to remain an issue, albeit overshadowed by the fratricidal contests on the Democratic side—the Congressional primaries between Ryan and Abzug, Bingham and Scheuer, Rooney and Lowenstein and McGovern against the field for the convention delegates.

Ironically, Nixon's intervention may have thwarted the conservative dream of capturing the state party. For the past year, Rockefeller has been angling to supplant Agnew on the GOP ticket, and failing that to become Secretary of State or Defense in the second Nixon Administration. Malcolm Wilson would then accede to the seat of power.

But Rockefeller was so incensed by the President's letter that he is reported having second thoughts about his ability to work with or under Nixon. True, after the President announced the mining of Haiphong harbor, Rockefeller dutifully put out a statement of support for this escalation. And even before the legislative session had ended, he had left for a three-day speaking tour on behalf of Nixon's re-election.

However, the Governor's aides—who in past months have been scurrying for other positions—now talk openly about staying on until 1975. There's even talk that Rockefeller may run for an unprecedented fifth term. □

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CONGLOMERATE BEEF

Greyhound Steak, Sauce Oppenheimer

JAMES ROWEN
Mr. Rowen is the editor of The New Mexico Review.

"Red meat is as American a necessity as red-blooded sports and red-white-and-blue bunting."
—Wilson & Co. (now a subsidiary of L-T-V)

"I can get more taste out of a pretzel than I can out of a steak." *—Rep. Leo O'Brien*

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

The predictable failure of the Nixon Administration's anti-inflation program, in which both raw agricultural produce and all corporate profits were left unregulated, became evident in early 1972 with the skyrocketing prices of that all-American staple, beef. The cheapest, fattest hamburger, even in mid-April when beef prices were supposed to have declined, ran as high as 78¢ a pound in some cities, with sirloin steak at an astronomical $1.69. The highest beef prices in memory effectively excluded this high-protein source from the diets of poor and low-income people, and middle-class shoppers boycotted the meat counter at the local supermarket, adjusting to dinners of tuna casserole or eggs and cheese.

During the "beef crisis," angry and confused city consumers were fed a great deal of misinformation about the beef industry and its profits, both by the White House and by the media. For instance, a *Los Angeles Times* report, May 7, quoted a University of California (Davis) expert, Prof. James Youde, as claiming, "I know darn well there's nobody getting wealthy in the cattle business today"; whereas any number of measurements prove just the opposite. Likewise, a *Today Show* on NBC (March 30) presented a debate among what were called the three main segments of the beef industry—the ranchers, the packers and the retail chain stores. The forum did not include anyone representing the feeders—operators of commercial feed lots where almost all cattle are fattened before slaughter. To exclude the feeders from any discussion of the industry is to offer a model of the beef business that is at least twenty years out of date. Similarly, *Life*'s April 14th cover story, echoing the White House, pointed to the ubiquitous "middlemen" in the process of moving beef from hoof to market, and ignored the fact that the major development in the beef industry in the last decade has been to eliminate the middlemen by "vertical integration." Search nearly all the Administration press releases, and the columns of copy in papers across the country and you will find no discussion of vertical integration, and its success at squeezing small operators off the farm, while squeezing super-profits out of the consumer.

Vertical integration has wiped out the neat distinctions that used to exist between cattle raiser, meat packer and retailer by consolidating many operations under one company roof. The middlemen—small farmers, cattle feeders, independent truckers, auctioneers, public market employees and small-scale packing operators—are unable to compete with the integrators' corporate advantages of easy financing and cash flows from nonfarm subsidiary businesses. Food and fiber is America's largest single business, and beef, now being consumed at an annual rate of more than 113 pounds per person, makes up the largest chunk of the grocery bill. More and more, this vital industry is being dominated by the conglomerates.

Vertical integration may be said to exist in the cattle business, or in pork or poultry, when one individual or corporation controls two or more of the stages of production: growing, feeding, packing, retailing, or such related businesses as transportation, feed and grain additive production, ranch and other equipment manufacture, and financing at any stage. Each time integrators consolidate a step in the system, more competition is eliminated, yet the theoretical savings that such streamlined management should bring about, particularly by eliminating middleman profits, never seem to reach the consumer. Indeed, higher retail prices have gone hand in hand with vertical integration to engorge the profit margins of the biggest operators. Integrated beef companies consistently lead *Fortune*'s 500 Charts which measure the intensity of profits. The opportunity for high profits in the beef business is so tempting that America's nonfarm corporate giants, Wall Street brokerage houses, and newly created tax-sheltered partnerships are fast moving into rural America. Today, such unbucolic-sounding firms as Greyhound; L-T-V; Atlantic-Richfield Oil; General Host; DuPont, Glore, Forgan, and the St. Louis-San Francisco Railroad are big operators in the beef industry, and the men managing vast cattle herds and feeding operations are likely to be bankers, brokers and New York executives.

The integrators have pushed so hard for profit in the beef industry that, along with the structure of the system, the finished product has also been markedly changed. Natural, time-consuming processes of aging, both on the grazing range and in the packing-house freezer, have been sacrificed to the speed of the meat assembly line. A new Wilson & Co. (an L-T-V subsidiary) packing operation in Oklahoma can stamp out 150 million hamburgers a year for McDonald's Restaurants—that's around a half million every day.

The grazing period has been replaced by a relatively quick trip to a computerized feed lot, where chemical stimulation forces an animal to eat about 20 pounds of feed daily. The three-week period of refrigeration, which all beef carcasses used to spend in aging, shrinking and tenderizing, has been shortened to an enzyme injection given the cattle immediately before slaughter. The enzyme remains inert in the meat until it hits your skillet: presto —instant tenderizing. The producer runs a quicker, more profitable assembly line; the consumer buys a more expensive, less tasty cut of meat.

While there has been little formal study of integration in beef production, the National Farmers Organization (NFO), which is fighting it, the Department of Agriculture, which is supporting it, and all the companies carrying it

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out, agree that integration is on the increase; it is apt to increase still more rapidly now that Earl Butz is Secretary of Agriculture. Since the 1950s, as a lieutenant of Secretary Ezra Benson and as a director of three major agribusinesses, Butz has been a leading champion of vertical integration in agriculture. For years, he served as a director of Ralston Purina, owner of a totally integrated poultry line and of a beef supply system that starts on an Oklahoma ranch and ends in more than 700 Jack in the Box hamburger drive-ins. When Butz resigned his Purina directorship to become Secretary of Agriculture, the outgoing Secretary, Clifford Hardin, conveniently moved to Butz's Purina seat.

Agribusiness also won a victory this March when a Congressional drive to outlaw integration throughout agriculture by amending the Clayton Antitrust Act was squelched in a House Judiciary subcommittee. H.R. 11654, "The Family Farm Act," would have prevented any corporation worth more than $3 million from entering any food, livestock, fiber or related business. Sponsored by progressive, first-term Rep. James Abourezk (D., S. Dak.), the act would have forced the agribusiness giants to divest themselves of most of their holdings, thus giving small, family farmers and producers some breathing room. The Judiciary Committee, headed by the dean of the House, Emanuel Celler of New York, initially scheduled three days of hearings before a subcommittee, also chaired by Celler. Field hearings, to take testimony from small farmers and operators unable to travel to Washington, were also tentatively scheduled. Yet, according to House sources, at the end of the second day of hearings, Celler canceled the remaining day and ruled out field hearings. The hearings up to then had been devoted almost exclusively to hostile testimony from the Justice and Agriculture Departments. One House staff member labeled the chairman's action "a real bombshell," and remarked, "Manny Celler had some second thoughts about this thing [the bill]."

Celler's role in these hearings, especially the fact that he would fail to disqualify himself in any matter dealing with agribusiness, bears special scrutiny. A check into the venerable Congressman's 1970 financial statement, filed with the House Committee on Standards of Official Conduct, shows that he is a director of and received at least $1,000 compensation from the Oppenheimer Fund, a New York mutual fund. The Oppenheimer Fund is sitting on nearly $400 million in corporate securities, more than $90 million of which is invested in America's leading agribusinesses—the very corporations against which The Family Farm Act was aimed.

Outstanding among the Fund's holdings is 106,850 shares of Kroger, the fifth largest retail operation in America, and the most heavily integrated supermarket chain in the country. Kroger owns: 1,500 markets, 430 drugstores, forty family centers (food, drugs and general merchandise), 150 delicatessens, fifteen meat-packing plants, a dairy farm, five milk and ice cream plants, four bakeries, a sausage plant, a trucking fleet, several regional warehouses, and an Arkansas chicken-breeding farm and feed mill operation capable of producing 28 *million* broilers a year. Kroger has integrated so many agricultural fields and processes that in its 1971 annual report it adopted a cliché of the counterculture: "We're getting it all together."

Besides a multimillion-dollar investment in Kroger, The Oppenheimer Fund owns 45,900 shares of International Harvester, the biggest American manufacturer of farm tractors and implements, and owner of four credit companies which hold more than 124,000 interest-bearing contracts with the nation's farmers. The Fund also owns blocs of stock in large tobacco producers, and in several oil companies—Gulf, Texaco and Standard Oil of California, Indiana and New Jersey, all of which produce thousands of tons of agricultural chemicals, pesticides, fertilizers, and own vast tracts in the Western United States. Finally, The Oppenheimer Fund owns 125,000 shares of Aetna Life and Casualty Co., the prime example of the wealthy insurance companies that are moving into agribusiness. Aetna, and its 50 per cent partner, Kaiser Aluminum, own more than 190,000 acres in the West, including a 4,200-acre ranch in Arizona and a 2,000-acre fruit and nut farm in California. These are examples of the kinds of holdings which would have been forbidden to companies like Aetna if H.R. 11654 had prevailed.

Furthermore, Celler serves as a director of a second mutual, The Oppenheimer A.I.M. Fund. This directorship does not appear in Celler's latest *Who's Who* blurb, in his 1972 *Congressional Directory* biographical note, or on his 1970 House financial statement (it may not have been required, if at least $1,000 in salary was not paid to him, although many Congressmen voluntarily make complete financial disclosures). Like its big brother, the A.I.M. Fund has investments in Aetna Life and Standard Oil of New Jersey. And sitting on the boards of both funds, along with Celler of the Judiciary Committee, is Joseph M. McDaniels, Jr., a director of United Brands, one of the largest consolidated food supply companies in the Western Hemisphere. Despite these many associations and a salary from a major investor in agribusinesses, Representative Celler presided over the death of Representative Abourezk's bill.

While there is little accumulated data on integration in the beef industry, the trend is evident throughout rural America. On the Texas high plains (panhandle) around Amarillo, at the vast feed lots in Nebraska and Missouri, and on the endless grazing land from the Southwest to the Pacific Northwest, the integrators are solidly entrenched. Five years ago, the Arizona-Colorado Land & Cattle Co., with headquarters in Phoenix, was indistinguishable from many other cattle outfits in Arizona. Its after-tax profits were about $500,000. Then in 1966, the company got religion—integration—being converted by two of Wall Street's maverick investment bankers, Neil McConnell and Dan Lufkin, who had a reputation for investing in what they considered novel businesses. Lufkin was recently described by *Fortune* as "something of a swinger—young, brash, good-humored, suffused with élan and self-confidence." He and McConnell quickly built Arizona-Colorado into a model of integration. They bought or leased ten sprawling ranches in four states, with a total area of 1.3 million acres—about twice the size of Rhode Island. And while most beef cattle herds in the United States number less than 1,000, Arizona-Colorado now runs more than 40,000—described by one flabber-

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gasted Washington cattle industry lobbyist as "one pretty goddamned big herd."

Without raising a flicker of interest among the antitrust watchdogs of the Justice Department (who were no doubt preoccupied by the affairs of ITT), Arizona-Colorado also acquired: the biggest commercial feed lot in all of California or Arizona; a Phoenix meatpacking plant; two land-management consulting firms; a 94 per cent interest in the Alamosa National Bank, which controls much of the financing of Southern Colorado's ranching and potato-growing operations; a spunoff land subdivision housing project, and, most recently, Farmhands, Inc., a major manufacturer of feed-lot and other ranching machinery. What were the benefits to the company? By 1971, revenues had quintupled and profits had tripled as the company rode the crest of high beef prices. McConnell left the firm with 16 per cent of the common stock, and Lufkin resigned to become Connecticut's first head of Environmental Protection. The company's annual report for 1970 coolly stated that it is "one of the country's largest vertically integrated beef producers."

Many of the largest integrated beef companies are concentrated in the Texas panhandle. Already the number-one cattle-raising state, Texas is also fast becoming the leading cattle feeder and killer/packer, challenging corn-belt states like Nebraska and Iowa. In the counties surrounding Amarillo, which enjoy a good climate, cheap open land, a native grain supply (sorghum) and available nonunion labor, there are 250 large feed lots, a 200 per cent increase in five years, and dozens of slaughter and packing houses. The entire area has gone beef-crazy. Billboards along U.S. 40, across the panhandle, exhort travelers to "Eat More Beef." One such place to do just that is The Big Texan Steak Ranch in Amarillo, plugged by billboards from Oklahoma to New Mexico. The house specialty is a 72-ounce steak. Eat it all—much in the manner of a feed-lot steer gorging on its 20-pound daily ration—and you get it free. If you can't swallow all 72 ounces, the cost is $12.85, plus tax.

Western Beef, with headquarters in Amarillo, bills itself as "the nation's second largest, publicly held, vertically integrated cattle company, with operations in Texas, New Mexico and California." By its size and diversity it drives home the competitive problems faced by small operators. Western Beef purchases cattle through a subsidiary and feeds them on its seven feed lots, with an annual capacity of 173,000 animals. Once fattened to about 1,000 pounds a head, the cattle are then shipped in company trucks to its two packing plants, after which brand name "Western Beef" is shipped in company-leased refrigerator trucks to supermarkets. In addition, Western Beef has begun managing cattle partnerships, which run cattle through tax loopholes. Any participant in a cattle partnership—investment is usually limited to high rollers in a 50 per cent tax bracket—automatically may claim "farmer" status for Internal Revenue Service purposes, thus qualifying for cash-basis bookkeeping whereby all expenses go out as business deductions, while profits return as capital gains.

While the consumer was paying record prices for beef, how was Western Beef doing? Its 1971 revenues were up 31 per cent, and earnings per share doubled. And during the first quarter of 1972, when beef prices rose almost out of sight, Western Beef happily informed its stockholders of a *128* per cent jump over profits in the first quarter of 1971.

Another Amarillo-based integrator, Missouri Beef, has consolidated many stages of beef production through yet another device—the back-and-forth business relationships between directors and the company. This is a common practice in the cattle industry. As one Department of Agriculture analyst explained it to me, "You get a group of local men—a rancher, a feeder, maybe even a doctor or a banker—and they contract among themselves at all levels of production. That way they eliminate a lot of uncertainty and a lot of competition."

Missouri Beef, according to its 1972 notice of annual meeting of shareholders, bought substantial amounts of feed grain and cattle from three of its directors, including the board chairman, as a matter of "convenience." The firm's five divisions can slaughter up to 35,000 cattle weekly, and "fabricate"—break down into retail size portions—13,000 carcasses weekly. The company runs two trucking lines, one for livestock, the other for refrigerated beef, and in 1971 enjoyed a 48 per cent rise in after-tax profits.

Just how profitable the integrated beef operations have become can be seen in three key *Fortune* 500 indicators published for 1970, the most recent year for comparative statistics (1971 was the year of high beef prices). In the category of dollar sales per company employee, integrated beef companies took the top three positions. Very few workers are needed to oversee many phases of beef production; for instance, one worker supervises the feeding of 1,000 beasts in a feed lot. And packing-house operations are now mechanized, including, incredibly, the skinning of the carcass. Thus Iowa Beef Processors, which has the fewest employees generating the greatest amount of sales, and ranks overall as America's 164th largest corporation, employs 3,700 workers. The next largest firm, White Consolidated Industries, has 22,000 employees or six times as many as Iowa Beef.

Integrated beef companies lead another important *Fortune* 500 index, that of company sales to total stockholder equity (invested capital). The beef producers took five of the top ten spots, because comparatively little capital investment is required to feed and kill beef. Feed lots can be located on the cheapest, driest, most barren land which is otherwise unsuitable for either farm or residential occupation. Packing operations do not require fancy buildings—concrete blockhouses often suffice. And automation demands fewer and fewer workers in an industry which never required a great amount of manual labor. In meat packing, as well as in cattle raising and feeding, the major sales-generating, profit-earning unit is an animal, which won't go on strike, call in sick, demand a pension fund or other fringe benefits, but can be counted on to eat its way to half a ton of gross weight before acquiescing to slaughter.

And finally, *Fortune* ranks those companies which had the largest increase in sales. In 1970, Greyhound bought the Armour meat business, and its sales increase was a whopping 301.3 per cent, "the record for the entire 500," observed *Fortune*. The acquisition was enough to move Greyhound from *Fortune*'s transportation list to the indus-

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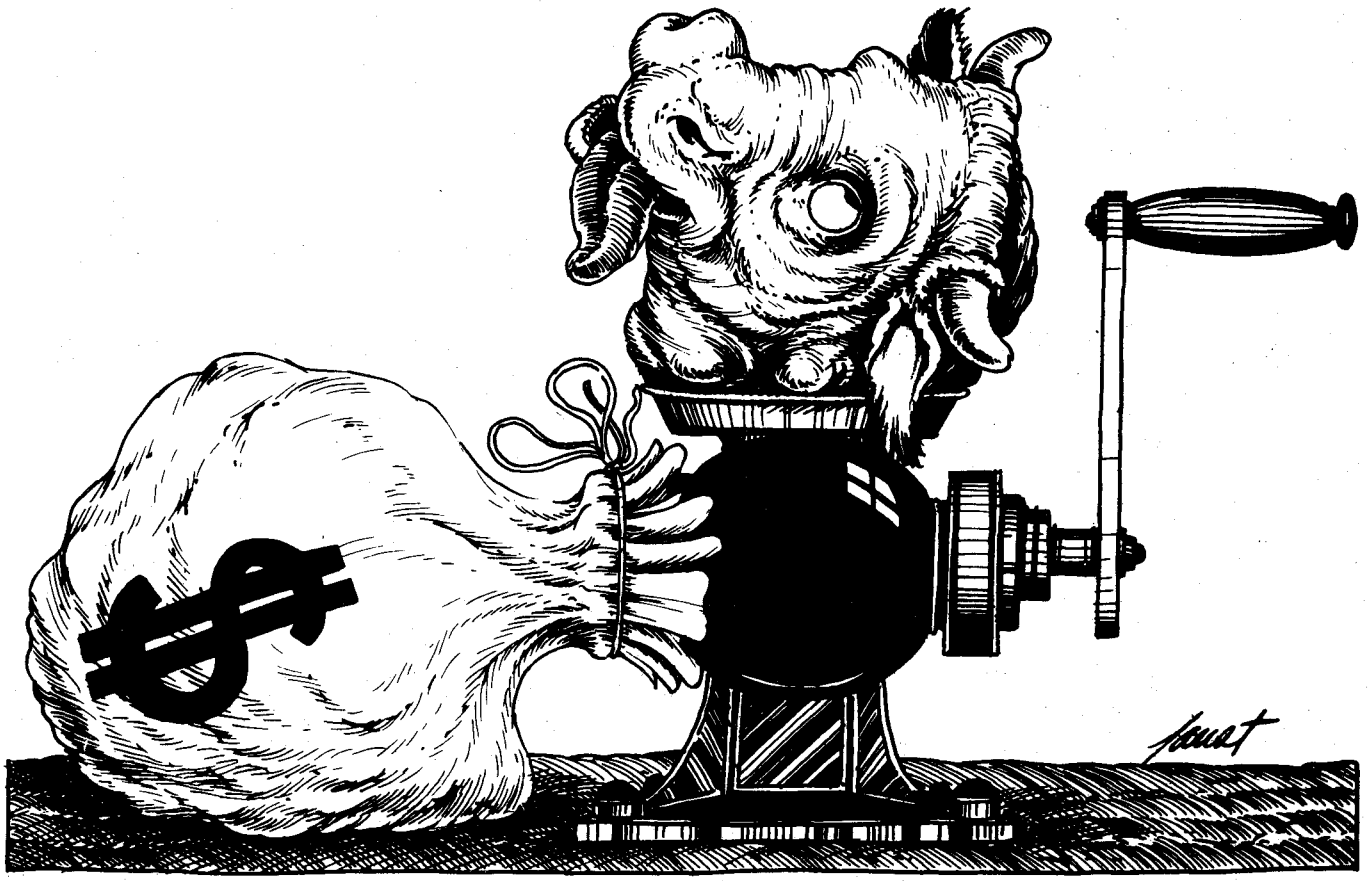
trial chart, where it ranked number twenty-nine nationwide, up there in the heady company of the oil, steel and automobile giants.

Vertical integration has clearly been a bonanza for the large, coordinated packing companies, precisely because they have eliminated the middlemen's competitive effects, which could lower prices and siphon off profits. Some integrators have moved, not toward the killing and packing end of the system but rather to control various aspects of the feeding operation by cornering large segments of a region's grain. Grain companies are backing into the cattle business, cutting costs by offering cattle their own brand of grain or milled feed. Such a firm is the little known, but powerful National Alfalfa Dehydrating and Milling Co., a grain-growing and storage business. In 1970, unrestrained by any regulation against consolidation, National Alfalfa bought an additional grain storage company, and cattle raising, feeding and tax-sheltered partnership operations, all of which it integrated into its major grain business. Today, National Alfalfa operates thirty-five plants, mainly grain-milling and storage facilities, in eight states; cattle-raising operations in seven states, from Mississippi to South Dakota; grain farms and feed lots in Nebraska and five "P&P" retail farm-supply stores, selling everything from implements to fertilizers. This nationwide coordination is mirrored in the business relationships between the company and its directors. The latter supplied the company with a rented airplane, cattle and grain for the firm's feed lot, and even lumber for the feeding pens. Those middlemen? They are hard to find. And with more of the nation's grain crop going each year into livestock feeds, it is expected that grain companies will be moving in force into integrated beef and other meat businesses. So National Alfalfa looked like a good bet to the DuPont, Glore, Forgan, Inc., brokerage house. Rescued from near bankruptcy in the 1970 stock market plunge by Ross Perot of Texas, the reorganized and bolstered Wall Street house snapped up 15 per cent of National Alfalfa's common stock proving that, along with Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, it was "bullish on America."

It is at the feed lots that the cattle industry's growing integration has taken its greatest toll of small operators. The commercial feed lot has appeared within the last decade, vastly altering the face of small-town America. An integrated cattle business virtually demands its own feed lot to raise its own cattle at the lowest possible cost. Faced with the loss of business, unable to supply themselves with feed as cheaply as a diversified company, the small operators, who fed twenty or thirty cattle at a time, and less than 1,000 a year, have disappeared. Often the small farms they ran alongside the feeding pen disappear, too. According to NFO figures, in 1970 alone, 14,614 such small feed lots went out of business. In the same year, 312,000 farm people—farmers and their families—left the land, often driven out by the economic power of the integrated operations. One operation, Monfort of Colorado, last year fed more than 425,000 head of cattle, almost 2 per cent of all commercially fattened cattle in the country, making it the nation's biggest cattle-feeding business.

Other Department of Agriculture figures show that the number of cattle fed by integrators is rising. In 1961, 9 per cent of all slaughtered cattle were fed by integrated operations, run by packers or retailers. In 1965, the figure



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was 12 per cent. Today, a reliable estimate is 20 per cent. Other figures show the degree of consolidation. In 1961 packers obtained 62 per cent of their cattle from public markets and auctions, the rest from their own growers, often on contract. Today, the figures are reversed: two-thirds of the cattle slaughtered were raised on packers' ranches or on contract, and only one-third were bought at auction. The supremacy of the contract has been bitterly fought by the NFO as "a sophisticated form of slavery," under which the grower gets the lowest possible rate per head from the integrator, while the integrator obtains cattle cheaply, often feeding them, as part of the contract, his own brand of feed grain.

The contrast between the attitude of the NFO, representing small operators, and the corporate producers, typified by Oppenheimer Industries of Kansas City, Mo., tells a great deal about the corporate *coup d'état* in rural America. Gene Potter of the NFO's Meat Department explains that "farmers sign contracts with integrators [because] they are hard pressed. Low farm income, inflation, rising prices of equipment, all drive producers into the arms of feed companies and other integrators anxious to tie them up in some kind of financing agreement." After that, warned Potter, the integrators—chain stores, packing houses and the tax-sheltered partnerships—"become the only buyers left, giving producers who stayed independent the choice of signing contracts or going broke." In buying a limited degree of security, the small producer barters away his freedom to compete for the highest price he might receive.

Contrast this dilemma with the publications of the Oppenheimer outfit, which specializes in placing tax-sheltered capital for wealthy investors who want to obtain the tax benefits of becoming IRS "farmers." Oppenheimer tells potential investors that cattle investing is like oil speculation, except that, "unlike oil, you never get a dry hole." While the contract agreement is anathema to many farmers, a necessary evil limiting their income, it is a blessing to the managers of the partnerships. Oppenheimer advises its shelter-seeking clientele that "you will learn of the contract arrangements designed by our staff over the last fifteen years and how these arrangements meet the needs of private individuals or corporations seeking gross income sources, tax advantages, and . . . sometimes . . . just the thrill of outguessing the market. Or, trying to." What keeps the small producers' income down is a tax advantage or a toy to the rich. It's a variation on that old capitalist cliché—"Them that's got, gets."

Not to be forgotten at the barbecue where big corporations are feasting are the supermarket chains, which now do more than merely sell beef wrapped in pretty packages. Kroger operates fifteen packing plants, Acme and Food Fair three apiece. It has been predicted that within ten to twenty years supermarket chains will be the major factor in the beef industry, controlling influential percentages of cattle raising (through contracts), and directly owning feed lots, as well as packing plants. And the chain stores have the greatest control over retail beef prices. In early April, Secretary Connally, from cattle-rich Texas, met with executives from the nation's twelve largest food chains and, with much publicity and consumer-placating promises, announced that the officials had agreed voluntarily to lower retail beef prices. Yet on April 7, a week later, a Scripps-Howard investigation found sky-high prices, with many reductions in beef prices labeled as "sales," and not permanently lowered. As late as April 13, I found the cheapest ground beef in a major Santa Fe supermarket chain store selling for 78¢ a pound. The butcher told me that some prices had been lowered, but not those for hamburger, usually the most popular beef item. "They've lowered some of the prices," he explained, but then leaning over the counter, he whispered, "I wish those bastards would lower them all—we're not making money until they do."

If the structural changes in the beef market wrought by vertical integration are hard for nonfarmers to understand, the alteration in the taste of beef which has accompanied the rise in vertical integration is easily appreciated. Some years back, a New York Congressman, Leo O'Brien, complained that beef, once noted for its succulent taste, was now bland and flavorless. Said O'Brien: "There are millions of pounds of meat sold in this country every week which can acquire a taste on your palate only if they are doused with strong sauces."

The Congressman was not being finicky. Nutritionists and other students of the beef industry agree that the speedup in the progress of calf from birth to the dinner table has robbed it of its once prized flavor. A steer used to graze on the open range for four years or more, its flesh naturally maturing, its fat naturally thinning from exercise. It then went directly to the packing house. Once killed, its carcass was hung in a cooler, while the meat became tender and the fat shrank away prior to final trimming and cutting.

Today, cattle arrive at a feed lot when they are a year old, and often younger. For an average of 150 days, the cattle stand and eat—not grass, but the area's most available grain, plus a number of additives, hormones, tranquilizers and antibiotics, all designed to stimulate appetite. Cattle in feed lots now gain roughly 3 pounds a day from 20 pounds of feed, much of the increase being watery fat, "marbled" through the meat. The search for cheap feeds by feed-lot owners has led to some bizarre experimentation. According to nutrition author/farmer Beatrice T. Hunter, cattle have been fed such weight-producing additives as peanut hulls, feathers, wood pulp, ground-up newspapers, plastic, and even inedible offal waste from other cattle's carcasses. The goal is to produce the heaviest cattle at the lowest possible cost, and forget the taste. It may surprise city dwellers to learn that often less than half the cattle's finished weight, of between 1,000 to 1,200 pounds, is salvageable meat, and only about 50 pounds is steak and roasts, the rest going for hamburger.

Along with the elimination of the grazing period has come the end of the carcass refrigeration and the introduction of enzymes, which make the meat tender enough, but again less flavorful.

Farmer/novelist Vance Bourjaily, writing in the March *Harper's*, described the time he and his wife, after years of hungrily looking through the windows of one of New York's most expensive restaurants, garnered the money for a meal there. Bourjaily ordered a porterhouse steak,

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his wife a filet mignon. As he tells it, "I recall the first bites, and the unbelieving glance that passed between us. The lean parts of the meat had virtually no flavor at all, and the fat surrounding them an odd, metallic taste—like that of tap water that has stood for too long in the pipe." Bourjaily, who runs a small cattle operation on his farm in Iowa, concludes that the feed-lot revolution, the unnatural forced feeding of cattle, and the slaughter of the animal at a much too early age, all contribute to the production of "a new kind of meat . . . overfed baby beef," the main element in the current "sad, tasteless saga of American meat."

The decline of the quality of beef is another indication that the quality of American life is declining. Tasteless beef is another result of the same profit-motivated technological era which has brought us dirty air, fouled streams, household gadgets that quickly fall apart and automobiles that are instantly unsafe and obsolescent. It is more than a nostalgic daydream that makes us desire some things as they used to be. In a fit of patriotic effervescence, Wilson & Co., boasted: "Beef is truly the King of Meats. It helped build America . . . it fed an economy and nourished a nation. It made men . . . ranchers, businessmen, entrepreneurs. It became, and is today, the premier American food . . . the measure of our good life." For the smaller grower, fighting a life-and-death battle against corporate integrators, and for the city consumer, desperately trying to marinate some flavor into high-priced steak, beef is now another "measure" of an increasingly bland American existence. □

Home at Last: The Prison Habit

THOMAS E. GADDIS
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Prisons are probably the most authentic failures among our more vulnerable institutions. They are totalitarian systems and usually invisible, and it is a paradox that, although they are much in the news these days, they continue to be invisible.

In particular, one characteristic of the maximum security prison is little understood, quite possibly because there is a tacit agreement to avoid discussing it. It is the reality of prison as a seduction.

In view of the massive recidivist population in the ugly penitentiaries of this country, it might occur to the observer that there must be some process, other than the overt one of crime and punishment, which draws the criminal back behind bars. And, unhappily, there is such a force. Prison exerts a sinister attraction; it is an emotional affair.

Those who visit prison for a day or tenant such a place for a few months do not feel this pull. And the entire prison population of any of these stone roosts will convince you that it is one of the most intensely hated of settings. When, for example, the assembled prisoners get a treat and listen to the blandishments of Johnny Cash, what brings down the house is any "I Hate Prison" song. It is difficult then to imagine that a large number of the felons in the room had almost literally broken into prison.

In order to understand why this is so, one must imagine himself coming out of prison after, say, three years. Such a man has, since he survived, found ways to adjust to the profound culture shock of being committed. He has discovered his own way of "doing time." He has found a role to play, a way to sleep, people to talk deeply with, and some sense of where he is vis-à-vis the convict group. He has developed a way to exist, despite the mutilation his ego suffered by the sudden loss of his woman, his car, his clothes, his home, his tavern. There is more hope for him if his adjustment was not too successful. Because now he has to come out.

After weeks of nervous hope, and usually suddenly, he's free. If you are there to meet him, he's lucky. Walk down the street with him and he stays close. He is unused to traffic, but he can learn by doing as others do. When you come to a door, he stands aside. He's not sure how it opens. For years, he has stood still while doors were opened for him—doors that slide to the hum of a motor, doors that grate open to a huge key, gates that trundle ajar but are never touched. When I asked Joe Marvin to handle his first door, he grasped the large handle, pushed it to the right, then to the left, got nowhere with it, pulled on it, then finally pushed on it and fell through the opening.

At our project office, Joe sat tense and totally out of it, but nobody noticed this wary remoteness because of his impassive face and fixed smile. We placed a telephone before him. He had spent much time in isolation, jute mill and manual labor. Unlike many, he had never worked in a prison office. He stared at the phone, frightened. Once he had succeeded in phoning a friend, however, Joe succumbed to "telephonitis." Like a teen-ager, in the first weeks after release he would call anybody and talk for hours. There was more to this chatter, however, than the lure of an unfamiliar instrument.

The newly sprung convict is used to a place where people are stacked, stratified, wall to wall. He has been interminably, degradingly and inescapably steeped in togetherness. Privacy is a stale joke. And yet, sadly, this situation is also addictive, intensely satisfying.

Criminologists have staked out some of the dimensions of the inmate social system. Prison is a club. That is why allegations that a decently ordered prison is a "country club" are as dangerous as half-truths always are. Prison is very little country, but quite a bit of club. In prison, you talk with your own kind, eat with them, exercise with

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them, fraternize with them, and experience with them all the intricacies of complex status behavior—competition, challenges to yourself such as weight lifting, a chance to read and write, a built-in medical service (often poor but always free), free rent, clothes, shows, radio and, increasingly, television.

Moreover (and even though he competes with every other prisoner and learns to do his own time), the convict absorbs the intense security of being part of an in-group that is at war. He has the luxury of an objective, common enemy which is both a symbol and a daily reality—the custodial staff, the guards, the screws, the hacks who represent society, the cops, the courts and the prosecutors

who put him inside the wall. They stand for the system which has beaten him, and they are the system which, in order to save something of his ego, he often feels he must beat.

Three years of that, and now he's out. Day in and day out, he's dreamed of a bottle of bourbon, indulged fantasies of women—in technicolor. He has developed, usually, an obsession about both of these, and arrangements to obtain them are the most urgent order of his new day. But first, unless he is "out flat," he must find his way to the parole officer.

This official is often a harassed, stone-faced, underpaid, over-caseloaded man, trying to keep up with his work. The new man, one more burden, is immediately required to sign a paper containing a long list of rules, the most important of which is that he, the parolee, will not "associate" with ex-convicts (the only individuals on earth who are members of his club). He's often forbidden to frequent bars or even to take a drink, but parole officers who are not rule-book freaks usually look the other way in the matter of women and liquor (unless the parolee has a history of chronic alcoholism), especially in the first months after release.

Joe Marvin finds a bottle and a girl. He is more likely to "connect" with the latter than you are. There is a kind of rude justice in the way women sense the long deprivation, the twisted sex and the intensity of the need of men from prison. Joe drinks himself blind and exhausts himself sexually, only to discover that there's a very great something still missing. Every ex-con has his own way of trying to fill the tension-laced void now before him. Joe went down to skid row and sat and walked all night, watching people, looking for the bottom of things. Others, more dangerously, find a car and a freeway and drive as fast and far as they can. Still others pick fights, and some find drugs. But sooner or later, they all know what they need. They need to talk to other members of the club. Like any of us, more than sympathy or support or attack or advice, they need understanding. This understanding is based on common experience—something emotional, empathic—and a common cause against something else.

Joe, however, resists all that. He tries to keep to the parole rules. He is now ready for "rehabilitation." The word, like a gray laundry ticket, hangs revoltingly in his mind. He's heard about it; he knows that people who are eager to help him often have to talk about it. Welfare workers and all but the most recently trained social workers turn him off before they have spoken a paragraph. His brittle, psychopathic ego can't take the implicit status loss in the attitude they were trained to assume. He's a 100 per cent patriotic American, Joe is, and he hates welfare. On the other hand, he won't show his hand. He'll listen. It might bring a connection, some direct bread. Maybe he can get clothes.

Prison clothing of any kind, however well made and cut, repels any but the humblest released convict. The first thing Joe did was to get rid of his prison shoes, and next, his jacket. He was too much in shock to buy clothing during the first month. He was better at borrowing.

Then, sooner or later for about sixty-three of every 100 who serve in prison, the curious betrayal begins. Men with adequate funds, women, friends, automobiles, and even college scholarships, begin to feel the attraction of the prison lodestone. The reality is much more complex than such a simple statement conveys. It is a wracking, hungry urge and it is vehemently denied, for obvious reasons, by its victims. But the mind services the feelings and the feelings play tricks. Get back to the club, the stone womb. Get away from all those decisions, worries, temptations, insolvencies, and people who regard you as an "offender." Get back with the guys, and be understood again.

The invitation to succumb is more terrifying because it is presented consciously as a reasonable thrill, a fairly sure thing, a chance to rip off something easy. If you make

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it, you're that much ahead. If you don't you have had the fun of the gamble and then you're out of the desert and home again behind the wall.

Joe Marvin stayed out for eight months. He made it back to prison when he practically left a calling card at his second burglary. He was relaxed, relieved and adjusted in prison—for a month. Then his suffering began all over again and in his anguish, Joe wondered how he could have gotten free of the place and then let it catch him again.

In Joe's prison the new guards used to be reassured during their training course, lest they worry about unemployment, that "in these places, there's always plenty of business coming through that front door." How much of this recidivism is caused by the prison experience itself will not be known until criminologists are able to create and refine more accurate criteria of assessment. Meanwhile, a growing number of Americans view with increasing impatience and revulsion the stubborn persistence of the ugly prison monolith and environment which is nourished by it.

Any serious attempt to reduce the crime rate in this country must include as a top priority in its program a determination to raze the maximum security prison in which we create, by seduction, the guarantee of multiple crime. □

NKRUMAH: THE REAL TRAGEDY

ST. CLAIR DRAKE

Mr. Drake was head of the Department of Sociology at the University of Ghana from October 1958 to February 1961. He returned to Ghana in 1965 as a visiting professor at the university's Institute of African Studies. Today, Mr. Drake is a professor of anthropology and sociology at Stanford University and chairman there of the Program in African and Afro-American Studies.

When Kwame Nkrumah, former President of the Republic of Ghana, died on April 27, he was in the sixth year of an exile imposed upon him by a military *coup d'état*. Nkrumah was out of the country when the overthrow came, en route to Hanoi for the publicly announced purpose of persuading Ho Chi Minh to open peace negotiations with President Lyndon Johnson. But Nkrumah also took with him a group of advisers on trade and finance, presumably to seek vital financial aid in Moscow and Peking that Washington was refusing to give Ghana. A high point in verbal euphoria between Ghana and the United States had occurred a month earlier, when Nkrumah dedicated the Volta River dam and praised the United States for the $160 million it lent in 1961 for the publicly owned hydroelectric project and the aluminum smelter owned by Kaiser and associates. Then Nkrumah took off to visit the East, since the United States Government had made clear that criticisms expressed in his recent book, *Neocolonialism: The Last Stage of Imperialism,* and what Americans called his irresponsible extravagance, had put an end to his hope of getting aid in raising $300 million desperately needed for payments on short-term loans. But Ghana's policy of "positive nonalignment" did not concede that an approach to the East was an act hostile to the United States.

The coup came while Nkrumah was in Peking, the United States recognizing the junta within three days and proffering immediate financial assistance. Whatever pro-Nkrumah resistance there had been evaporated quickly, and the deposed head of state accepted Sékou Touré's invitation to come to Guinea as co-President, since the Ghana-Guinea Union established in 1958 had never been dissolved. The extent of American complicity in Nkrumah's overthrow, if any, will not be assessed until State Department archives are opened several decades from now. A comment appearing in a *New York Times* obituary the day after his death was announced is, however, significant:

> Mr. Nkrumah suggested that the "criminal insurrection" was the work of the imperialists, specifically the United States Central Intelligence Agency. *Although neutral observers did not discount his allegation in view of increasingly warm relations with the Soviet Union and China, they also noted that Mr. Nkrumah had permitted power to go to his head and had become a despot who had alienated thousands of his once fervent supporters.* (Author's italics.)

The implication is that the Americans *might* have moved against him, but that the success of the coup was to be explained in terms of internal discontent. Another hint that power had gone to his head may be found in *Newsweek*'s comment that "*Typically enough* he was on his way to Hanoi to seek an African solution to the Vietnam war when, during a stopover in Peking, he learned that he had been overthrown. . . ." (Author's italics.)

The American press was jubilant when the military and police seized power in Ghana. A widely disseminated picture accompanying the news showed a statue of Nkrumah lying on the ground, presumably toppled by an irate people fed up with his arrogance and tyranny. The statue had stood in Accra since the early 1950s, a modest, life-size creation in front of the legislative assembly. The Western press had seldom mentioned it before, except in 1961, when some members of the Ga tribe expressed grievances against the government by bombing it. Two of Nkrumah's maxims were carved on its base: "Seek Ye First the Political Kingdom and All Other Things Shall Be Added Unto Thee," and: "The Liberation of Ghana Is Meaningless to Me Without the Liberation of All of Africa." The statue seemed to symbolize to journalists what they referred to as Nkrumah's "megalomania," "narcissism" and "despotism." Rumor multiplied the number and size of such monuments, allegedly erected at Nkrumah's insistence between 1960 and 1966. Psychoanalytic jargon was used to explain his acts.

In addition to a fixation on statues, existent and nonexistent, Western journalists added "blasphemy" to what-

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ever political sins they attributed to Nkrumah by distorting and misinterpreting a historical event. When Ghana adopted a new constitution in 1960 to transform the country from a British dominion with the Queen as head of state into a republic with an African President elected for five years, the legislative assembly was redecorated in African style. The traditional staff of office carried by a chief's linguist was substituted for the British mace in ceremonials, and the role of President was invested with chiefly attributes. So, the title, "Osagyefo," was added to "President." This word means in the Akan languages "Warrior Chief Who Defeated the Enemy and Saved the Nation." *Time*, however, like other magazines and newspapers, insisted upon translating it as "Saviour" and "Redeemer," thereby giving it overtones of divinity. Insofar as the term "Redeemer" was ever associated with the title "Osagyefo" it would only have been in the sense that Southern anti-Republicans during Reconstruction called themselves "Redeemers," or Marcus Garvey spoke of the "redemption of Africa" from colonialism. Yet, in commenting on Nkrumah's death, *Time,* in addition to presenting a very unflattering photograph, captioned its article "Death of a Deity." This was echoed by other publications—thus, the San Francisco Sunday *Examiner and Chronicle* headed its obituary "The Redeemer Dies."

Time's "Death of a Deity" article referred to Nkrumah's "despotic ruling style," describing it as "devious, ruthless, and thoroughly effective." *The New York Times* diagnosed him as being afflicted with "galloping megalomania" and "narcissism." *Newsweek* commented that "several attempts on his life only drove him to new levels of megalomaniacal excesses." Those of us who lived and worked in Ghana between 1958 and 1965 do not recognize either Ghana or Nkrumah in these characterizations or in *The New York Times*'s charge that Nkrumah instituted "one-man rule clothed in sycophancy." The descriptions are much more applicable to certain conservative leaders who have never been belabored as Nkrumah has: the late William V. S. Tubman of Liberia, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, or Houphouet-Boigny of the Ivory Coast. It is true, however, that the Convention People's Party (CPP) of Ghana did attempt to build up Nkrumah as a personal symbol of the nation. The country was also slowly drifting toward a one-party state, long after most other African nations, including Kenya and Tanzania, had frankly declared themselves as such. The government was exerting an increasing monopoly over press, film, radio and TV, and trade unions were rigidly supervised. The Ghana Government also used "preventive detention" against some individuals suspected of "subversion," as did Kenyatta's Kenya, Senghor's Senegal, Kaunda's Zambia, and Nyerere's Tanzania (not to mention Rhodesia, South Africa and the Portuguese colonies). Ghana was not a Western-style democracy, but neither was it a tyrannical despotism.

World attention first became fixed upon Nkrumah in the early 1950s when the Gold Coast was granted internal self-government by Great Britain. The spotlight was focused sharply in March 1957 when the independent nation of Ghana was born, with Nkrumah as Prime Minister. President Eisenhower sent Vice President Nixon as his special envoy for the occasion, with an invitation to Nkrumah to visit the United States. In 1958, Ghana was host to the First Conference of Independent African States (there were only eight!) and the First All-African Peoples Conference.

Nkrumah toured the United States that same year. Writing in *I Speak of Freedom*, Nkrumah emphasizes how much he enjoyed the trip, how he tried to explain his policy of "positive nonalignment" whenever he had the chance. He spoke of an Eisenhower-Nkrumah joint statement in which "it was agreed that private American interests would continue to explore the aluminum manufacturing phase of the Volta project." Of a projected Five Year Plan, "the United States Government would consider particular fields of activity in which it might be able to help through technical cooperation and development loans. . . ." Sizing up the tour, Nkrumah wrote, "We had, I think, achieved the main purpose of my visit. . . . Ghanian-American friendship had been strengthened." Nkrumah was hoping that the United States would respond favorably to the program laid down in a book by his West Indian collaborator, George Padmore, called *Pan-Africanism or Communism?* It was an appeal to the West that it finance Pan-African socialism as insurance against a take-over by the USSR or China. Washington, on the other hand, wanted from Ghana a free-enterprise, pro-Western commitment.

Throughout 1954 and 1955, Nkrumah had been faced with the problem that was later to plague the Congo and Nigeria—the centripetal pull of tribalism and regionalism. With a popular vote base of 56 per cent and with seventy-two of 104 seats in the legislative assembly, his CPP passed a deportation act in 1957 aimed at Muslim religious leaders from neighboring states who were backing a Muslim Association Party; an anti-discrimination act that made it illegal to organize political parties based on religion, race, tribe or region; and a preventive detention bill that allowed individuals to be held for periods of up to five years without trial. At this point the Western press began to accuse the Ghanian Prime Minister of having dictatorial inclinations and of suppressing civil liberties. He answered back in a broadcast six months after the independence celebrations:

> The first duty of a government is to govern. Hence the preservation of our internal security is paramount. I wonder if those abroad who have criticized us fully appreciate the problem in Ghana where we have to deal with a complex relationship of feudal tribes and other factors and where we have to fight against inspired rumors and vicious misrepresentations. It is obvious that we are dealing with conditions quite unlike those in many other countries. . . . Thus we must adopt methods appropriate to the problems we have to solve and still preserve the basic rights of the individual. . . . When the international press and radio comment on our affairs I hope they will keep facts such as these in mind.

American journalists gave Nkrumah a "good" press up to this point in 1957, intrigued as they were with a charismatic, *American-trained* African nationalist leader, but the preventive detention bill outraged Western values. However, that piece of legislation, like the others, was a direct response to information being supplied by Scotland Yard that certain members of the United Party were

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involved in an elaborate and mysterious plot; but no overt acts made it possible to arrest and charge them. I was at the University of Ghana from October 1958 to February 1961 and remember being cornered once for an hour by Ghana's British attorney general who was intent on explaining to me how he had lost cases against known plotters of political murder because his witnesses had been so terrified by "witch doctors" that they changed their stories. He insisted that he would not trust the security of the country to the possibility of getting a conviction under Anglo-Saxon legal procedures. Nkrumah was too proud to make that kind of defense of the bill.

Highly centralized and personalized leadership was not unique to Ghana. It is a general African phenomenon, reflecting high levels of illiteracy and the fragility of loyalties to the nation-state in societies where tribal and kinship ties are still the most cohesive social bonds and the authority of traditional chiefs is ubiquitous at local and regional levels. Nkrumah's Ghana, like most African states, was authoritarian; yet none of them is "totalitarian" in the European sense that one dominant political party becomes all-embracing, making voluntary associations illegal, and puts an efficient secret police system to work. Fears were expressed that Nkrumah's party was moving in that direction when it declared national trade union organizations and some women's and youth groups to be "integral wings" of the CPP, but there were always numerous voluntary associations.

When coups occur in African nations—there were twenty-five between January 1963 and December 1969—Western journalists tend to interpret their success as an indication of popular disapproval of the government in power. That is sometimes true, but not because the people oppose highly personalized government or feel that their civil liberties have been abridged. Freedom of the press, *habeas corpus,* a taboo on "preventive detention," insistence upon rules of evidence in judicial procedure, and the separation of the judiciary from the executive—all these and similar Western customs of high value are prized by only a tiny stratum of literates in Africa; on the other hand, brutality, harassment and arbitrariness by government officials are resented everywhere.

To most people in Africa the Western "liberal" values are of much less importance than measures designed to provide visible evidences of progress—more schools and scholarships, more industries to provide jobs, an increase in the number of hospitals and clinics, plenty of moderately priced consumer goods; water pipes and metal roofs in villages, low-rent housing and sanitary facilities in cities; good roads with taxis, bicycles, motor scooters and busses readily available; higher prices for crops and higher wages for labor; lower prices in the shops and lower taxes.

People want bribery and nepotism kept within reasonable bounds and expect "rake-offs" and high living by politicians to be balanced by a steadily increasing standard of living for "the masses." African governments promise such things and can survive only if they eventually deliver. If they seem to be doing so, a considerable restriction of civil liberties will be tolerated and even defended by ordinary African citizens. For instance, in reporting reactions to Nkrumah's death, *Time* cites an extreme case, that of an African businessman who spent some years in jail under the preventive detention act, but who said of Nkrumah, "When I personally look around and see his impressive developments I begin to wonder where Ghana would be now if the so-called God-fearing intellectuals had gained power earlier."

Nkrumah was accused of becoming increasingly repressive, and while the stories are exaggerated, it is true that in the three years preceding the coup, security measures were strengthened where the President's person was concerned. Again, there was nothing unique about this. Under constant pressures from their people to make a quick "payoff" on political promises, watching unemployed youth become more and more concentrated in the cities, unable to secure the large amounts of capital needed to move swiftly toward an industrial "takeoff," fearful of trade unionists and left-wing leaders who exploit tribal and regional parochialisms as well as legitimate grievances, facing continuous international intrigue and occasional coups and army mutinies, the civilian leaders of *all* African states, irrespective of ideology, become more concerned with maintaining political stability, developing national integration, and fostering economic development than in guarding the civil liberties that concern only a fraction of their people. Even formerly ardent liberals such as the scholarly Julius Nyerere of Tanzania and the sensitive and gentle Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia, have proven no different in this regard than Haile Selassie,

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Ethiopia's modernizing monarch, the conservative Tubman or radicals such as Kwame Nkrumah and Sékou Touré. When being compared leaders should perhaps be evaluated in terms of the extent to which distributive justice is their primary concern, rather than in terms of how "democratic" in a Western sense they are. Psychoanalytical characterizations are particularly unrewarding.

The United States Government uses its own criteria to decide which dictators it will attack and which it will defend: Trujillo, Franco, Tito, Tubman, "Yes!"; Castro, Ho Chi Minh, Hoxha, Papa Doc, "No!" Liberals perhaps should do the same. Liberal journalists became disturbed over the state of civil liberties in Ghana soon after independence. Nkrumah's alleged tyranny was not "discovered" by Washington officialdom until 1960 when the Eisenhower-Herter administration denounced him as a Communist because he supported Patrice Lumumba's militant stance in the Congo. *The New York Times* charges Nkrumah with a "drift to the Left," beginning in 1961. There was a trip to the USSR and mainland China that year, as well as the institution of "Socialist" measures at home and a crackdown on the opposition that tried to overthrow the government. What the articles do not mention is that this was also the year when Nkrumah visited with Kennedy, the United States put $160 million into loans and grants for a hydroelectric project and fifty-one Peace Corps teachers were welcomed to Ghana. It was the year of a visit from Queen Elizabeth. From Nkrumah's perspective, the policy of "positive nonalignment" was working very successfully. He had denied being a Communist while calling himself "a Marxist Socialist and nondenominational Christian" as early as 1951.

Kennedy did not express apprehension over either Ghana's form of government or its frank statement that it was laying the foundations for a Socialist society. U.S. economists encouraged Nkrumah to invest $900 million in a Seven Year Plan, half of the money to come from non-Ghanian sources—the USSR, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, and the People's Republic of China, as well as Western public and private sources. Meanwhile, several more attempts had been made to assassinate Nkrumah, and he blamed them upon collusion between opposition groups in the country and "imperialists." Soon after the assassination of John F. Kennedy in November 1963, one of Nkrumah's bodyguards had tried to kill him and made statements that implied American complicity. Nkrumah reacted by deporting some American professors. From this point on, the term "paranoia" began to appear along with "megalomania" in journalistic appraisals of his behavior.

Throughout 1964 and 1965, charges of a pro-Russian and pro-Chinese "shift" and of extravagant expenditure became more frequent. Yet Nkrumah tried to maintain good relations with the United States, as with the other Western powers. Kaiser was rushing the work on the Volta River dam; Peace Corps teachers and geologists were welcomed into the country. But the CPP was also trying to set up state farms and state-owned factories, much to the disgust of U.S. economic advisers who dubbed these enterprises inefficient and who now suggested that the Seven Year Development Plan was in any case too ambitious. American policy had changed. Economists now had one standard prescription: *economy*. Nkrumah would stubbornly answer back: *development*. By 1964 he was forced to borrow at very high rates of interest to finance projects considered vital to the plan, and the clamor grew that he was wasting the country's monetary reserves. *Newsweek* is honest enough, however, to introduce a more basic factor in Ghana's economic difficulties, even while endorsing the charge of waste: "lavish spending on showcase projects, together with *a sharp drop in the world price of cocoa*, brought once thriving Ghana to the brink of bankruptcy." (Author's italics.) Some wasteful expenditure there certainly was, but there was also the tendency to call anything "showcase" about which there was disapproval—such as state farms and state-owned factories, the large OAU hall built in 1965 and any aid to African Liberation Movements.

That Nkrumah thought of himself as a very special person with a mission is obvious; so is the fact that a lot of other people thought so too. The interaction between him and the people of Ghana was similar to that between de Gaulle and the people of France. In neither case did the charisma last forever, but even when it faded an affinity remained between leader and the led. That is why flags were lowered to half-mast in Ghana when the Osagyefo died. Nkrumah also had that stubborn streak of de Gaulle, Cromwell, John Brown and Nat Turner. He knew his mission and was sure he was right —only a Socialist United States of Africa could solve the continent's problem. He never retreated from that position, but also during twenty-five years of public life he never discovered how to integrate the rule of statesmanlike administrator with that of leader of the African Socialist revolution. He tried to conceptualize the problem in dialectical terms and coined the expression "social contention" to apply to the inevitable conflict within a party, movement—or nation—that can, nevertheless, be a progressive force. In fact, Nkrumah was forced to change pace and obvious direction and often to conceal from the right hand what the left hand was doing. Thus his actions generated a sense of uneasiness among conservatives, of skepticism on the part of radicals, and perhaps of distrust generally. There was respect, even affection, for Nkrumah, but also deep-rooted distrust. That was the real tragedy of trying to play this dual role.

The New York Times editorial of April 29 expressed an ambivalence that had been present for a decade in its coverage of Nkrumah. It noted that, "With all his excesses and weaknesses—and these were legion—Kwame Nkrumah was the great African nationalist of his time and the most eloquent spokesman for African unity." Some uninformed comparisons of Nkrumah's regime with Stalinism and fascism followed, and then a patronizing final appraisal: "Kwame Nkrumah's place in the history of the new Africa is assured; the pity is that given his talents it could have been a vastly more constructive and universally respected place."

Nkrumah clung to a vision of a future for Africa that led to an inevitable clash with the West—and, perhaps, eventually with both the USSR and China—what Marcus Garvey called "Africa *for the Africans* at home and abroad," and a role as equals for black people in international affairs. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Thomas Kinsella's Public Poem

BUTCHER'S DOZEN: A Lesson for the Octave of Widgery. *By Thomas Kinsella. Elo Press, Ltd. (Dublin) for Peppercanister. Distributed by the Dolmen Press. 10 new pence.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN
Mr. Sullivan is a frequent Nation *contributor now living in Dublin.*

People in Dublin have had something to talk about lately other than the North, the Common Market, or the deplorable state of the Irish theatre. A few weeks ago Thomas Kinsella, the country's finest contemporary poet, published a small pamphlet (8 pages, about 250 lines of verse) called "Butcher's Dozen" and subtitled "A Lesson for the Octave of Widgery." The cover of the pamphlet carries the outline of a black coffin with the figure 13 superimposed.

In pubs, at parties, wherever literary-minded folk are likely to gather, the talk is not about the contents of the pamphlet (the Derry tragedy of January 30) but about its form and style. "In matters of grave importance," Oscar Wilde once remarked, "style, not sincerity, is the vital thing"—a sentiment which has always found wide and sincere acceptance among Wilde's countrymen. They may not listen to what a man says, but they will know their man by his way of saying it, which is one of the reasons why, for example, the Rev. Ian Paisley, a man of deliberate and distinctive style, is a good deal more thought of, though not always kindly, by people in the South than are any of their own bland politicians. Then, too, the Irish, by repute a people of poetry, are in fact a race of critics, whose literary tastes are often as undisciplined and unpredictable as their political attachments.

And so it has been in a country where every man is his own critic (and would, if he could, be his own party), that within days of its publication Kinsella's poem was being compared, shrewdly at times and at times absurdly, to verses by Pope, Swift, Butler, Shelley, Joyce and Yeats. One man even thought he saw in it qualities of the old *aisling*, a poem of dream or reverie much favored by medieval Irish poets and made much of over the last few years in the many translations of Brian Merriman's *The Midnight Court*, the most celebrated example of all. The man may be right, but it is more nightmare country than dreamland that Kinsella visits. The poem begins:

> I went with Anger at my heel
> Through Bogside of the bitter zeal
> —Jesus pity!—on a day
> Of cold and drizzle and decay.
> A month had passed. Yet there remained
> A murder smell that stung and stained.
> On flats and alleys—over all—
> It hung; on battered roof and wall,
> On wreck and rubbish scattered thick,
> On sullen steps and pitted brick.
> And when I came where thirteen died
> It shrivelled up my heart. . . .

The poet meets the ghosts of the Derry dead and, singly or in groups of two or three, they testify to the events of that Bloody Sunday:

> . . . One stepped forward, soiled and white:
> "A bomber I. I travelled light
> —Four pounds of nails and gelignite
> About my person, hid so well
> They seemed to vanish where I fell.
> When the bullet stopped my breath
> A doctor sought the cause of death.
> He upped my shirt, undid my fly,
> Twice he moved my legs awry,
> And noticed nothing. By and by
> A soldier, with a sharper eye,
> Beheld the four elusive rockets
> Stuffed in my coat and trouser pockets. . . ."
> He faded, and another said:
> "We three met close when we were dead.
> Into an armoured car they piled us
> Where our mingled blood defiled us,
> Certain, if not dead before,
> To suffocate upon the floor.
> Careful bullets in the back
> Stopped our terrorist attack,
> And so three dangerous lives are done
> —Judged, condemned and shamed in one."

In *The Irish Times* one commentator saw the poem as patterned on *The Dunciad*, an observation far wide of the mark, since nothing could be less like the elegant heroic couplets of Alexander Pope than these rattling octosyllabics in which a form of doggerel is made at times to parody itself. A much shrewder observation called attention to Mrs. Shelley's note to "The Mask of Anarchy" which affords a curious and close parallel: "When the news of the Manchester massacre reached us, it aroused in him violent emotions of indignation and compassion." Kinsella's response to Derry is not unlike that of Shelley to Peterloo:

> I met Murder on the way—
> He had a mask like Castlereagh—
> Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
> Seven bloodhounds followed him.

There are other parallels. In form and feeling, rhythm and tone, Kinsella recalls the Butler of *Hudibras* and Joyce of *The Holy Office*, but from line to line one is above all aware of the indignant spirit of Jonathan Swift informing the whole: *saeva indignatio*. At a time when poetry has become all but private, when the experience of poetry is like an act of eavesdropping—a reader overhearing a poet speaking to himself, and not always sure that he is hearing aright—a public poem like "Butcher's Dozen" is a rare event. That may be why certain other poets around Dublin have already put it down as "vulgar." It *is* vulgar in the sense that it is public and popular, and vulgar too in its deliberate use of doggerel—almost by definition a poetic vulgarity. But in the hands of a satirist like Swift, as here in Kinsella's hands, sophisticated variations on the form convey, as few other forms can, the scorn and contempt of the poet for the object of his satire.

Contempt runs through the poem like an electric current, sparking off images and ironies that recharge the original satiric impulse. But toward the end a note of compassion is also sounded:

> "Yet pity is akin to love,"
> The thirteenth corpse beside him said,
> Smiling in its bloody head,
> "And though there's reason for alarm
> In dourness and a lack of charm
> Their cursed plight calls out for patience. . . .
> . . . At least let in
> A breath or two of oxygen,
> So they may settle down for good
> And mix themselves in the common blood.
> We are what we are, and that
> Is mongrel pure. What nation's not
> Where any stranger hung his hat
> And seized a lover where she sat? . . ."

From Swift to Yeats and down to the present, Ireland on the whole has been well served by its poets, however the country may have treated some of them in return. Perhaps only those of us who were in Dublin during the dark days immediately following Bloody Sunday could be fully aware of the inarticulate rage, the overpowering sense of frustration, the deep and reawakened bitterness that seemed to have taken hold of an entire people. It showed itself

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everywhere on the faces of men and women, and in the wet weeping streets it burst at times into acts—disgraceful but understandable—of sporadic violence; public acts publicly recorded by press, radio and television. After the most spectacular of these, the burning of the British Embassy, a government minister, only half in jest, thanked God there was an embassy to burn—or the people, their fury and frustration at a peak, would, as sure as God, have made for Leinster House, the seat of that minister's government, and set the torch to it. Kinsella's poem gives voice to the anger, frustration and bitterness which had been inarticulate among the people during the height of the crisis and for long afterward. In doing so it has also provided an outlet for that communal passion still smoldering in many places and which early on had broken out in mindless, though for the most part minor, acts of vengeance and retaliation.

A public poem, "Butcher's Dozen" is also a political statement: like the pamphlets in verse with which Swift heartened an earlier generation of Dubliners, Kinsella's pamphlet in verse, performing a similar function, brings their immediate experience into perspective. Indignation, bordering on desperation, is made tolerable by the imposition of form: the body politic is in part purged of individual grievances by the articulation of those grievances as shared experience: a common voice speaks for a common people and, appropriately, the voice is that of a poet.

There are those of course who object to the poem on these very grounds. A poem, they say, can have no "function;" it is nothing but itself, and enough in itself. Well, one does not argue with that sort of thing, unless the argufier goes on to say (and in Dublin, inevitably, some have said it) that Kinsella is cashing in on a tragic occasion, exploiting a tragedy for the sake of the readies, a hungry eye on the American market, and do you suppose (they'll ask with poisonous innocence) your man is sending his royalties off to the suffering North? The only answer to that class of argument is, in the immortal words of Brendan Behan, "Eff the begrudgers!" □

That Modern Anabasis

THE LONG MARCH. *By Dick Wilson. The Viking Press. 311 pp. $8.95.*

RICHARD J. WALTON
Mr. Walton's Cold War and Counterrevolution: The Foreign Policy of John F. Kennedy *was recently published by Viking.*

Were it not for convention, this splendid book could be reviewed in two sentences: The Long March of the Chinese Communists was one of the great epics of human history. This book is the best English-language account of the Long March yet written.

Convention aside, however, a sense of what is appropriate to the subject demands a somewhat more expanded comment, for *The Long March* is a very important book that demonstrates in the most graphic possible way the character of the men—Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai, Lin Piao, Chu Teh, et al.—who made Chinese communism one of the most extraordinary revolutionary forces of all time.

As we have come to learn in Vietnam —tragically late—when an idea engages men such as these, it cannot be defeated, for it seems true that during a revolution's heroic period, whatever may happen later, the best ideas, whatever their label, usually get the best men. Those who came to lead China were tested as few have been tested. For a year they marched, 6,000 long miles, over mountains where men froze to death, fording rivers where some were swept away, crossing swamps whose black waters claimed further victims. The soldiers were often hungry, cold, exhausted, sick, frequently under attack on the ground and from the air, yet they defeated or eluded every force sent against them by Chiang Kai-shek. It was an Odyssey in which heroism and self-sacrifice were commonplace.

Needless to say, the Chinese have made a legend of the Long March, but Dick Wilson discounts the myth and thus persuades the reader that the actual achievement was all the more remarkable. While concerned to reduce the proportion of myth, Wilson nonetheless quotes a number of the marchers, wisely believing that the reader will be able to sift out propaganda while profiting from the flavor of the first-hand accounts. But these often are quite restrained:

> Next morning my group finally reached the sheer cliff that had stopped us the night before. It was Leikungyai (Thunder God Rock), a solid cliff of stone jutting into the sky at about a ninety degree angle. Stone steps no more than a foot wide had been carved up its face, and up this we had to go without anything to hold on to. Horses with broken legs lay about the foot of the cliff.
>
> Our medical units suffered the most because the sick and wounded had to get off the stretchers and either crawl or be pushed, dragged, or carried up. The women comrades of the Medical Corps ceaselessly comforted and helped the men in their care. . . .

Detachments marched 50 miles or more in a day, often through cold rain along narrow mountain paths, falling asleep while walking. Crossing the Tibetan mountains, it was so cold that men squatting down to relieve themselves froze stiff in that position. In the swampy grasslands there was no place for the marchers to lie down, so they slept standing in the water, back to back for support and warmth. Often there was no food at all, and often, when there was food, it was millet or corn or wheat, frequently uncooked, that gave the rice-eating southerners terrible diarrhea. I wonder if the most imaginative of novelists would have dared write a scene like this: troops crossing under heavy fire a bridge from which the planks have been removed, and consisting now of thirteen iron chains, all swaying high above a raging torrent. Yet it happened; there's a photograph of the bridge.

During much of the march Mao and Chou were ill, but they could not concentrate on physical survival. There was essential military and political planning to be done, for in this year 1934-35, the leadership of Chinese communism had not yet been determined, and a number of the contenders were on the march. Accordingly, Wilson focuses not only on the unsurpassed drama of the march itself but on its political importance, showing how little by little Mao gathered to himself the powers of leadership that were to last long after and that changed the course of world history. That analysis in itself makes *The Long March* a marvelous introduction to the study of modern China.

Wilson not only introduces many of the Chinese men and women who were dominant figures for decades thereafter but he provides in an appendix an alphabetical *dramatis personae*; there are a couple of chapters at the end, telling what happened to these leaders after the Long March. Although these sections are useful, Wilson strikes me as being perhaps a bit more confident than an outsider should be in his account of what happened during the Red Guard period.

If ever there was a pivotal year in modern history, this year of the Long March was it. Wilson tells the story superbly, better than anyone else, but he gives full credit to the fine earlier accounts by Edgar Snow or Agnes Smedley

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who, because their books had other purposes, did not deal with the Long March so fully.

A final word. As I read, one thought kept intruding upon me. In the view of most Americans, Mao is an absolute dictator in an authoritarian state. Yet, Richard Nixon, an elected President in a democracy, has far less restraint put upon his terrible powers than does Mao —or Leonid Brezhnev. What an irony. And how frightening. □

Without Benefit of Technique

THE RIVERS OF EROS. *By Cyrus Colter. The Swallow Press. 219 pp. $6.95.*

JERRY H. BRYANT

Mr. Bryant is the author of The Open Decision: The Contemporary American Novel and Its Intellectual Background *(Free Press). He will be lecturing on American literature at the University of Copenhagen during the coming academic year.*

One school of black and white literary critics has for a long time urged black writers to write about blacks as people rather than as blacks. What they mean by that is illustrated by this first novel of Cyrus Colter. His characters are black. It is important that they're black. But their blackness does not raise issues restricted to politics or sociology. Ambrose Hammer, dignified, sedate, ex-post office worker, is writing a history of the Negro race, by which he hopes to stimulate blacks to strive to win greater acceptance by whites. Dunreith Smith is a young rebel, often strung out on heroin and contemptuous of old Hammer's Uncle Tomism. But these traits are primarily aspects of their individual character, not representations of historical movements or groups.

Colter has a passion for the interior lives of ordinary, unnoticed people. He doesn't psychoanalyze them, or have them engage in long and self-revealing interior monologues. His characters are too inarticulate for that, or else shy and unsophisticated. They find it hard to admit the truth to themselves, much less to anyone else. So we see their inner turmoil mainly in their outward behavior, and at this Colter seems to be a natural master. There is no straining after glib psychological explanations, no reducing the purity of the individual's agony to theoretical causes.

The world of this novel is a narrow one. The experiences of its characters are related to no national or international currents of fashion. Mrs. Clotilda Pilgrim runs a rooming house. She supports her two grandchildren, Addie and Lester. The 16-year-old Addie brings her grief by taking up with the 28-year-old Dunreith Smith, who is wild and married. Gradually, Clotilda goes insane. Addie's misdoings are only the occasion of her derangement. Her simple mind deteriorates under the pressure of a life that has thwarted and cramped its natural liveliness and spontaneity. In flashbacks we see Clotilda's ill-conceived marriage to the plodding, uninteresting Eugene; her affair with her sister's husband Chester by whom she conceives her only child, Ruby; and Ruby's painful marriage to the philandering Zack, which ends in her death.

There is violence here, and sex and guilt. But Colter doesn't subscribe to the literary commonplaces of either the market or the intellectual establishment. He consistently underplays his potentially sensational themes. In *The Rivers of Eros*, it is life itself, unexplained and unexplainable, that strikes the reader with such force. And this is all carried through with the economy of drama—a single flashback and a whole pattern of feeling is conveyed; a few lines of dialogue and a minor character is vividly illuminated. When we first meet Dunreith Smith, after only hearing about him for more than half the book, we get a nearly perfect paragraph capturing his contradictory character:

> Dunreith was a garish wreck. Bareheaded, his bushy mustache now somehow drooping, he wore a gaudy dashiki and really looked insane. The still-inflamed stitches over his left eye were a lurid red against his olive complexion as he squinted at Hammer and suddenly roared a laugh—"Prof!" He put out his damp, limp hand. "You don't know me, but I know *you*." He wilted in another gravelly laugh. "You made that dog-ass speech the other night! Right?—*Hey!*" His eyes were wild one moment, glazed the next, as Hammer took the limber hand. "Hey! Yeah, the Professor!"

I picture Colter writing at a mahogany desk, scrupulously clean and lighted by a Tiffany lamp. I see him dressed in a silk tie and buttoned-up lamb's wool sweater. You wouldn't expect him to know the characters he writes about. He is 62. He is now or has been at one time a member of the Illinois Commerce Commission, the Illinois Resources Planning Committee, the Committee on Railroads of the National Association of Regulatory Utility Commissions. He is a trustee of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. He has a law degree from the Kent College of Law in Chicago, and he has practiced criminal law in Chicago. He reads Turgenev, Chekhov and Dostoevski. He is a man of affairs, not of letters.

That is his greatest strength. His style is neither exceptionally graceful nor notably clumsy. A sentence of his may call our attention to itself. We think, the image isn't right. No, that isn't the problem. We think, there is strain here, a reaching for effect. No, not that either. We think, that sentence is O.K. We move on. We become more and more confident that we're in capable hands. It's just that they aren't hands we're *used* to. When we read a book like this, we realize that even though novels are written by people as different as, say, James Baldwin and Saul Bellow, James Joyce and John A. Williams, Henry James and Flannery O'Connor, there is a kind of novelistic language. We recognize it, and feel comfortable with its familiar cadences and rhythms.

Infrequently, a true innocent comes along, one who reads in that language but has not adopted it as his own. Cyrus Colter is like that, altogether the creator of his own language. He is to the con-

"Highly recommended"*

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temporary world of educated readers what the teller of folk tales was to his communal auditors. That is, he has no *technique*. His contrivances are all innocently transparent, left uncovered with a childlike trust in the reader's honesty and interest in the life the words describe. This is an unusual book, a kind of folk tale told by a man sophisticated about life but not about the literary process. It is a novel of truly rare parts.

Those parts, when catalogued, seem commonplace and stereotyped. Old Ambrose Hammer, a widower, is successfully pursued by Miss Letitia Dorsey, rail-skinny spinster tenant of Mrs. Pilgrim's rooming house, who woos Ambrose with "brilliant" smiles and girlish ways. Middle-aged Titus Neeley, another roomer, still mourns his long-dead mother. Addie tries to commit suicide when Dunreith tells her they must break up. Clotilda worries about her grandchildren growing up respectable. But in Colter's hands this is not a commonplace world. Even such a sentimental stroke as having Ambrose quote, when pushed, Gray's line about "some mute, inglorious Milton" becomes enormously moving.

Colter's prize-winning short stories, collected in *The Beach Umbrella* (1970), have been compared with the work of some of his favorite continental writers. But such comparisons do little to convey the essence of this novel. It is completely its own. Don't expect glitter, or to be compelled and fascinated by every page. The novel is quiet, sometimes even monotonous. But we're carried along by Colter's own calm certainty that what he is writing about is important. And there are two scenes of violence that blast the reader with the unexpectedness and power of a hidden bomb. This I think makes for the peculiar quality of the book—its occasional unapologetic monotony and the relationship of that monotony to several scenes that stop the heart. This novel is one that I would recommend unreservedly. It deserves literary prizes, though it may be too good to win them. □

The Man Behind the Desk Is Sane

THE CASE HISTORY OF COMRADE V. *By James Park Sloan. Houghton Mifflin Co. 148 pp. $4.95.*

JEROME TUCCILLE
Mr. Tuccille is the author of Radical Libertarianism *(Harper & Row) and* It Usually Begins with Ayn Rand *(Stein & Day). His new book,* Here Comes Immortality *(Stein & Day), will be published later this year.*

Several years ago Truman Capote presented us with *In Cold Blood* and described it as a new art form: a nonfiction novel. Not to be outdone, Norman Mailer subtitled *Armies of the Night,* "History as a Novel, The Novel as History." Notwithstanding the claims made by Mailer, Capote, Tom Wolfe, Chandler Brossard and other heralds of the New Journalism, novelized nonfiction has been with us for quite some time. Gore Vidal maintains that *An Evening With Richard Nixon* has its roots in the Greek tragedies, and he describes it as political journalism written for the stage. Few will deny, in any case, that the division between fiction and nonfiction has grown more and more indistinct during the past decade or so. And now James Park Sloan comes along with his second "novel," a work that might well be put under either of two rubrics: "The Novel as Philosophical Essay," or "Psycho-philosophy as a Novel."

This is a book which is pure theme, sometimes bordering on ideology, devoid of many characteristics usually associated with fiction. The amount of dialogue recorded wouldn't suffice for a chance encounter on an elevator; there is no real characterization and no semblance of plot. Yet, when the reader has finished *The Case History of Comrade V.,* he comes away with the feeling that he has undergone an enlightening experience. Sloan succeeds in plunging us into the very soul of his protagonist. Other writers have attempted in the past to create this kind of empathy between the reader and the protagonist, sometimes by devices as elaborate as the so-called "stream of consciousness." Sloan's achievement in his new book rests in part on the fact that he has avoided traditional devices; he succeeds in a new way, which is all the more creditable for being simple and for requiring remarkably few words.

Comrade V. is a citizen of a large modern nation-state; that is to say, of a depersonalized Leviathan that has reached near-totalitarian proportions in its political, economic, cultural and psychological institutions. One is immediately struck by the fact that the country in question could just as easily be the United States as the Soviet Union. That country is never identified because its identity is not important. What does matter is the effect that its institutions have on the life and the psychology of the individual.

We come to know Comrade V. from three points of view. Our introduction to his condition takes the form of an official "printout" chronicling his life from the time of his birth, through his professional career as a mathematician in the service of the nation-state, and his subsequent "neurosis" and "deviant" behavior, until the time he is confined to a mental institution just outside "the capital." Part Two is Comrade V.'s version of what has happened to him, told in the form of a diary written while he is confined. According to Comrade V., he deliberately falsified agricultural production figures as an act of political protest and, when he refused to admit his

IDIOTS, IN APPLE CREEK STATE HOSPITAL

Every night they wish holes in me.
Use belts, strings, vipers, animosity
as strangler's cords. Drive thin sharp nails
in their eyes. Punish the wall with clots.

This is why I hate my idiots
when they chip off ragged fingers. Why I quail
when they slip those thumbnails to their eyes.
Why I scream at them. The sad blue qualities

roost in their eyes. Their faces straight as sand,
they hand me eyes quivering on a palm
like frightened blue pet mice. So tentative . . .
you might expect one to twitch up alive.

I sit trembling behind the wheel then;
I press the gas pedal beyond control.
Stunned, the road staggers off the mountain.
Clouds leap for the horizon.

Robert Kaven

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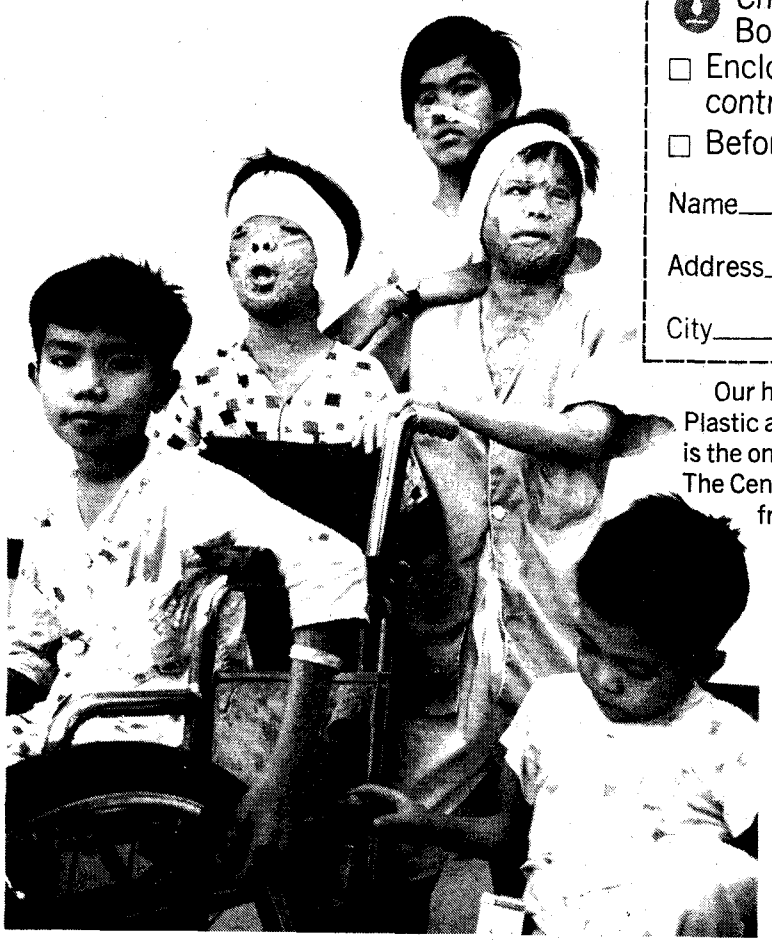

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error later on, he was declared insane by the authorities and carted away. The official version has it that Comrade V. developed a monomaniacal obsession with the "logic of numbers," and had a nervous breakdown when the logic of his formula was called into question.

Part Three is a "Case History of Comrade V.," written by the state psychiatrist in charge of V.'s rehabilitation. It is a fascinating document. The psychiatrist wonders if sanity and insanity are not merely democratic concepts. For example, during one period of the Roman Empire the philosophy of stoicism became part of the dominant ideology embraced by political and intellectual leaders. It was the "norm." Today a stoic would be diagnosed as neurotic, suffering from a schizoid separation of the inner self from the body. What is philosophy and what is neurosis?

The psychiatrist wonders under what conditions schizophrenia might be more desirable than "normal behavior." He concludes that there is no absolute criterion for distinguishing one from the other, that sanity is a matter of role playing: the man behind the desk is sane, the man in front of it insane; the man whose schizophrenia remains private is sane, the man whose self-division becomes public is insane. Psychiatrists are therefore sane *by definition*. On the other hand, V.'s problem is that he believes in absolutes. He disintegrated after he failed to create a comprehensive theory of human existence in mathematical terms; his theories broke down after 1,400 pages of manuscript. He could not accept the illogic of his own theory of logic. The psychiatrist rewrites V.'s history and strips him of his credentials as a certified mathematician. Everything works by definition.

Comrade V. has based his entire life on a belief in reason and logic, in an orderly, rational world. But in his efforts to know and understand the universe, he has been thwarted at every turn by "authority." First, his father, an irrational authoritarian, attempts to stifle the genius of his inquisitive son. Later, when this conflict is resolved by the father's death, V. moves on, dialectically, to a new conflict with the authority of the nation-state. The nation-state is a far more formidable opponent of reason than one's genetic father, since it can muster more physical force to suppress the individual. Now V. is locked in a life-or-death conflict with the powerful and irrational state. Only one can survive intact, the individual or Leviathan —and Leviathan acts to crush V. at every opportunity. While he is confined, orderlies wake him in the midd'e of the night to ask him how he is sleeping—or to give him a sleeping pill. When the "printout" erroneously lists his father's death as 1937 instead of 1938, V. refuses to accept it as a simple error. It is an obvious attempt by the authorities to weaken his belief in numbers, in absolute figures, in logic itself. The authorities are out to demonstrate that, sooner or later, anyone who *thinks* can be proven insane.

The conflict between the autonomy of the individual and the authority of the state is perfectly familiar to us, and is as old as the state itself. Yet, in this novel Sloan presents it to us in original and disturbing terms. And he does so with remarkable economy of means. Call it a novel, call it an essay, call it what you will. □

'She Began to Put on Weight'

MURIEL. *By George P. Elliott. E. P. Dutton & Co. 154 pp. $5.95.*

PETER WOLFE
Mr. Wolfe teaches English at the University of Missouri, St. Louis.

The subject of George P. Elliott's new novel is loneliness, the growing loneliness of Muriel Storr Bell. *Muriel* describes the process by which life leaks away; it shows strength waning, hope crumbling, and love souring over a span of fifty years and a reach of miles stretching from central Kansas to California.

Muriel has a four-part organization, with each part, or chapter, signaling a stage in the heroine's life. Part One, "Maiden," shows Muriel as the teenaged daughter of a prairie dentist and as an alto in an Episcopal church choir. By the end of the chapter she agrees to break her engagement to a local undertaker and marry Ed Bell, a Baptist farmer with a fine tenor voice and "dark, steady eyes." Her life traces an inevitable curve: she marries, raises her family, watches the children grow up and leave home, and then, in her widowhood, lives quietly with an elder brother. Our last look at Muriel shows her transformed into a fat, fussy widow. Her girlhood dreams have given way to the more solid realities of family duty.

But the loss of these dreams leaves her puzzled and empty. The end of the novel finds her as unformed as she was at 16. But if the four-part structure, "Maiden," "Young Wife," "Mother" and "Widow," puts forth an inexorable determinism, the novel does not suffer. Fresh and unrehearsed, *Muriel* never seems cramped by a schematized plot; no imposed morality stiffens its joints or clouds its vision. The prairie setting emphasizes this freedom. The open prairie, the grainy honesty of the characters, and the local customs—eating vinegar pie, calling rummy cooncan, feeding the livestock sour milk clabber—give the novel a frontier glow and wash it in bright streams of Midwestern air.

The novel moves along so smoothly that its wisdom, quiet strength and range of inclusiveness pass unnoticed. *Muriel* is alive clear through. Whereas most sagas of farming life are long and burly, *Muriel* needs only 154 pages to release its force. Where, then, does its strength come from? It depicts a small world; its characters do not struggle dramatically; no argument is broached, let alone proved. Like the rich Kansas plains where much of it takes place, the novel epitomizes the archetypal female, who is both motionless and brimming with motion. The small world of the Bells is continuous with the world at

'AS FLIES TO . . .' : ATTICA

Let's
take the backing
off the mirror
and see
right
through
to Brooklyn.
Hate
enough
for everyone . . .
A Renaissance
of hells and shades
that leads
our men
to Attica.

Probe
the lies
of State, schools, cells of scars
quicksilver-like
they'll shove
the backing on
a handy, dawdling mirror
for Commissioners
and Gods.
Hate
enough
for everyone
and
busting heads
is sport.

Richard Lann

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large. Ed installs electricity and farm machinery, and he later plants a variety of grain perfected at the state's agricultural college; the depression forces the family off their farm; a brother and a son fight in the war. These events, channeled into the continuing dramas of love and work, impart a strong sense of timelessness and topicality. *Muriel* treats universal themes within a frame of American rural history from 1900 to 1950.

The shortness of the novel, finally, reflects the haunting brevity of life; life slips past Muriel before she can make sense of it. And, as in all good primitive art, no authorial intrusion mutes dramatic immediacy. Each character has a mystery life beyond the one presented to his family and friends, a life that Elliott respects too much to codify. Thus the structure of the novel helps shape Elliott's view of life: human existence is both fixed and free; although the whole fits into a (four-part) pattern, the individual parts move at random.

Both the parts and the whole claim our attention. In each case, Elliott follows the practice of smoothing and leveling. Instead of rising to dramatic peaks, the narrative conveys the texture of lived experience. In the interest of giving a rounded picture of Muriel, Elliott allows no single event prominence. Good luck and misfortune roll together so quickly that we cannot tell them apart. The characters' unsharable features block communication and pad dramatic jolts; scenes snap off before reaching their full development. Whereas trivial incidents cause pain, large-scale hardships (two miscarriages, a laming accident) cast short shadows. Our strongest ties die undignified deaths; Muriel rarely thinks of Ed, her husband of forty-five years, after his death. Romance is flattened; midway through the book's most romantic scene, when Muriel agrees to marry Ed, "globes of turd welled out steaming" from his horse, "and plopped on the gravel right in front of them."

These funny-sad moments are not self-canceling; rather, they exhale a pathos that Elliott enhances by working many leave-takings and family reunions into the action. A Chekhovian tenderness also underlies the book's played-down style. An accomplished poet, Elliott knows the value of verbal restraint; because he does not raise his voice, we listen. The economy and indirection of the one-line paragraph summarizing Muriel's reaction to the worst setback of her marriage are perfect: "She began to put on weight."

Muriel's failure to accept this setback is typical. But typifying her just as sharply is her constant search for meaning and design. The moral and social fabric of her world crumbles after her husband dies and her children leave home. She keeps putting on weight, stops saying her prayers, and never learns where she went wrong or why she failed at happiness. Yet she rebounds from self-pity and nihilism into public life: she does hospital work, votes in her first election, joins the local school board, and gets an emergency appointment as a grade-school teacher. Elliott avoids making Muriel a liberal-humanist heroine. The absence of ideas and enlightened moral principle in her life make her a difficult subject. But they also make her search for wholeness remarkable. Muriel is most real to us in her privation. In Part Four, "Widow," illness, infirmity and loss have beaten her down; she is haunted by both time-twisted memories and a deep sense of personal failure. Yet she keeps struggling for the light.

As she slips into her dotage and out of life, her importance is confirmed. Great compassion floods *Muriel*, irrigated by the narrative artistry and historical vision to make it memorable. □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

The meticulously plotted details that infuse the Royal Ballet's productions of the old classics make them especially viable and rich. On the smallest scale, when the peasant Giselle gives the visiting princess a drink, she first cleans the bottom of the cup with her skirt. Total commitment to character and story, implicit in that detail, informs the productions as a whole, from title role to court lady. It is one reason why we can see the same ballet again and again without becoming restless. Yet it is precisely that kind of pinning down that robs Jerome Robbins' *Dances at a Gathering* of its integrity. This season, the Royal danced *Dances* in New York for the first time. (The New York City Ballet introduced it in 1969.) Their failure with a contemporary masterpiece is as interesting as it is distressing, for it shows that the Royal dancers are inexperienced in ballets that are pure dance yet demand dramatic statement, and indicates that the mentality that works so gloriously in *Giselle*, *Swan Lake*, *Romeo and Juliet*, etc., is limited, perhaps a handicap.

Dances at a Gathering, to Chopin, is what one might call abstract, meaning that it has no story or characters. Yet it has mood and situation, and its emotional weight is as heavy as, say, *Giselle*. The difference is that it makes an impact the way music does—evocatively, subliminally, poetically. When the ballet is over, the whole somehow has been bigger than the parts. For this to happen, the dancers must not read in, interpret, or fit themselves into a structure. In a sense, they must dance unconsciously and unknowingly. Practically, they are aware of tempo, phrasing, and nuance in movement and gesture, but in order for these aspects to come together poetically, so that the audience feels that it sees more than it is actually seeing, the dancers must do more than they know they are doing. The choreographer, of course, knows more than the dancers, but perhaps he instructs a dancer to hold a pose a second longer, or look over a shoulder raised a trifle higher for reasons he cannot state. I am talking about magic.

The Royal's production is programmed and unambiguous. The dancers were intent on portraying character rather than temperament. Undercurrents of humor became stock comic ploys. The dancers were not like friends; they were friends. They were not that ageless age known as youth; they were youngsters. In a lighthearted dance, they smiled. In a competitive dance for two men—one of the most obvious "story" parts—Anthony Dowell and Rudolf Nureyev actually glared at each other. In a passage in which a girl dances before several men, each of whom walks her across the stage and keeps on walking, Lynn Seymour visibly sagged as each potential partner declined her invitations. Such realistic, storytelling gesture destroys the ballet's fragility and, by making the situations more important than they are, makes them trivial.

One sensed that the dancers were pressing in on Robbins, trying to make literal sense of his imagination. They seemed

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afraid to dance in a placeless place. Specifically, they looked dwarfed and inconsequential on a stage bare of scenery. Even Antoinette Sibley, the Royal's most elegant dancer, was dominated by the bare surroundings. One of the most magnificent qualities of the City Ballet dancers is that they look monumental on a bare stage, even when standing still. Having rarely performed on an empty stage, the Royal dancers do not know how to create a larger-than-life illusion.

While the cast was so busy bringing personality and human touches to the work, they inevitably missed out on some of the most dramatic moments in it. For example, in one of the dances three girls stroll and casually fall into dances as they might fall into thoughts. One raises an arm, as though saying "Ah," then another lifts her arm more formally. The third picks up that stylization and adds a theatrical torso movement to her arm movement. Before you know it, they're dancing. Just as casually, they peter out. Men enter. The girls dance with them, but they do not come out of their reverie. The men might be like thoughts; certainly, they disappear as quickly as thoughts do. The Royal men did not materialize and evaporate; they made entrances and exits. The girls did not breathe in and out of dances. The relationship among them was not conversational, dreamy, half isolated. I can think of no word to describe what they *were* like, except uncertain. At the end of this interlude, the girls look at one another, link arms and run off, as though they first realize that they are not alone; indeed, that they are with friends. As a scene of recognition, it is an extraordinarily humane moment, but the dancers missed it because they had never left the world and one another.

In another dance two girls are pursued by three men with dazzling speed, lightness and variations on the odd man out. They are like five water fountains playing together on a breezy day. At the very last moment, a third girl runs on and joins the single man. After a split-second pause, she and the other two women curtsy, their heads lowered. The men lower their heads too, and each looks intently at his partner. In an instant, the bubbling and sashaying turn into a tremendous hush. For a second the dancers are caught in midair, and just as quickly they find their repose. Each now has a partner; they are men and women, whereas a few seconds ago they were water bubbles. The Royal dancers did not quite have the physical dexterity to bring bubble images to mind and the timing of the curtsies was off. As a result the contrasting hush was not resounding; the dancers were not transformed. The incident passed unnoticed, whereas it can be one of those unforgettable and yet undefined moments, the kind of moment for which we all go to the theatre.

Even technically, the dancers were on troubled terrain. Getting enough speed was one problem, but generally they negotiated, not danced, the steps. This tentative approach was especially odd because the Royal dancers usually have total authority. Moreover, it ruined one of the most exciting dances of all. This one takes place about midway through the hour-long ballet. Six people dash on, spread themselves far and wide, raise their arms above their heads, and gently but persistently mark time to a waltz. You know something is up. They begin to dance. The steps get bigger, covering more ground, and the jumps get higher. Next, they line up and the girls leap into the men's arms. And finally, at the climax of the last series of jumps, a girl positively catapults herself with multiple turns in the air into the man's waiting arms. He catches her and quickly swings her around, letting her head drop to the floor. Her head misses the floor by an inch or so. This is some joy ride! But the dancers did not jump with the abandonment or force necessary to make your hair stand on end with excitement and fear. They would not take risks.

Most sorely absent were the nuances of movement that in themselves are great theatrical events. In one of the duets, a man lifts his partner sideways so that her body is almost parallel to the floor. She spreads her legs, one pointing toward the ceiling and one toward the floor. She then bends each leg and draws them in so that her feet touch. Then she straightens her legs again. In itself, it is a fantastic movement, because it is extremely difficult for the man to hold the woman high in the air horizontally, while the woman's leg movement only stresses her incredible position. Two days before watching the Royal Ballet I saw the City Ballet in *Dances*. At that performance, Patricia McBride flung open her legs, brought them together slowly and

SOMETIMES, EVEN IN THE SNUGGEST LIFE,
A POEM THAT IS SO TRUE
WILL RATTLE A COLD DRAFT UNDER THE WINDOWSILL
(for Kenneth Patchen)

Alone, and lost
and stumbling blindly
through the dark horror
of somebody's words
that know more about you
than you could have
possibly told them . . .

There are no tracks
in the snow
to lead me back home.

There is no one
in this forest
who knows:
I am afraid.

Phil Mintz

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then opened them with such deliberate slowness that they created a muscular tension like that felt when pulling taffy. The image of her floating at that crazy angle and then feeling the taffy effect will be indelible. That is what dancing is about. At the Royal performance, the lift was exciting, but Sibley simply went through the motions. In fact, none of the dancers, for all their good spirits, charm and acting abilities, came near the aesthetic, dramatic or emotional height of McBride's lift. In *Dances at a Gathering* the most profound moments are the most dancerly ones, involving slight refinements of basic steps. The Royal dancers were, I suspect, too preoccupied with the ballet's "message" to project its inner sensibilities. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Malcolm Morley teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, as I do, and there as elsewhere one thinks about problems of communication. One of these has to do with the teaching of painting at a university level and the difficulty of combining the transmission of day-to-day information (how to make a decent stretcher, say) with the precious sense of art as a highly personal activity. I decided to offer the university's art gallery, of which I am director, to Morley for use as a studio, but open for his own and other instructors' students to visit. The advantage was that it would show students what a studio in which an artist was working hard looked like and felt like. The usual way of providing models of "creativity" on campus is to invite visiting artists for a semester or a year, but that has limits. The difference between tenured and sojourning instructors is often great, and that can speed up the effacement of a visiting artist's contribution. An artist in residence often checks in, stimulates and flatters by his metropolitan background or charisma, and departs as easily as he came, leaving the studio program where it was, loaded with routine assignments that bind the faculty and students together in pre-art drudgery.

Morley offers the exceptional combination of an artist with an outside reputation and a faculty member who is ambitious concerning the students' ideas about art. By converting the gallery into a studio, occupied by an accessible and topical artist, we found a variant of the divisive notion of "boring" faculty and "entertaining" visitors. Work and art were shown as one activity by Morley, as example (exposing his own work in progress) and as pedagogue (discussing what he was doing).

Another problem in communication concerns the relation of artists and dealers. It is a fact that more paintings are distributed by art galleries now than in the past, but it is also true that the number of artists has increased, with the result that production and distribution are still out of phase. The position of Morley is a case in point. In the 1960s, he had three one-man shows at the Kornblee Gallery, the last in 1969, and then joined the OK Harris Gallery. A problem arose when he started to change his style; he was advised against this by the proprietor of the gallery, Ivan Karp, and Morley left the gallery without having an exhibition. Since then he has done without an American gallery, though he will, for example, be represented by several big paintings in this summer's important *Documenta* exhibition at Kassel. It was soon evident why Karp could not tolerate the style change. Morley was a founder of photograph-derived realism and Karp is trying to make a movement of it. He has succeeded to the extent that Sidney Janis, never a dealer to support a trend prematurely, recently put on a show of what he or Karp called "Sharp Focus Realism." Thus Morley found himself in the odd position of having been partly instrumental in launching a trend, but when he rejected its simple form he found himself squeezed by a dealer who aimed not to rock the boat.

In the mid-1960s Morley painted a series of ocean liners in sunny waters and major ports derived from Kodachromes and Ektachromes. The degree of illusionism was such that when the paintings were reproduced they resembled absolutely the reproductions from which they were derived. In the original, however, it was clear that a concentrated act of translation had forced and cajoled the paint into sensuous and compact correspondences with the photograph. Seen close up the paint retained a sensual weight, but from a little distance its specific gravity was dissolved into a weightless photographic image. In 1965-66 Morley made a series of these marines and a second group in which he dealt with cabin interiors. Here his source was cruise literature, the bland brochures on coated paper with touched-up perspectives of pink and beige leisure architecture. Morley feigned neutrality, claiming indifference to the scenes depicted, an attitude akin to Roy Lichtenstein's stated detachment from his comic-book imagery. Morley declared, in the middle of producing his overwhelmingly illusionistic painting: "I have no interest in subject matter or satire or social comment" and "I accept the subject matter as a by-product of surface."

The movement that followed these works was sampled in the Whitney Museum's "22 Realists" in 1970, as well as

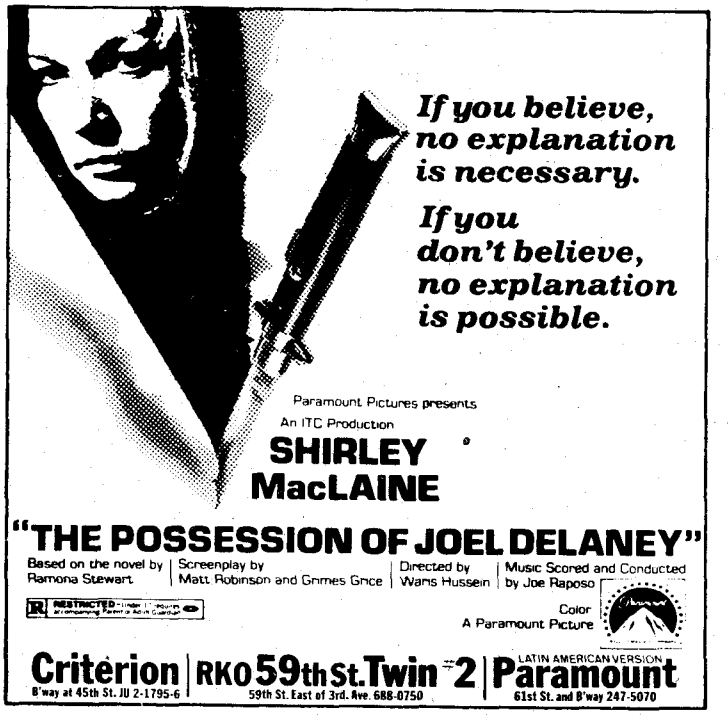
ALEX

it must be hard

to grow
a watermelon/ you need

so many seeds

Ameen Alwan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at Janis. Its weakness as a group style has been summarized, in conversation, by Nicolas Calas: referring to the sources of these paintings in photographs he characterizes them as "Still Life." Neat, clean and careful, the majority of photograph-derived paintings are compulsive still-life exercises in fidelity to another channel. This is what paintings that really do not have a subject matter look like: Morley, on the contrary, though miles from being a narrative painter or social commentator, has a persistent taste for evocative iconography.

Morley's rejection of subject matter was, I think, an attempt to affirm the fact that his paintings, despite their illusions, had a formal structure, which, like Lichtenstein, he thought would be overlooked, and it was. For instance, in the statement already quoted, Morley added: "I like the light in Corot" and it is a fact that the clear hard light of Corot's Roman landscapes is implicit in Morley's clear tonalities. It is this sense of condensed art history and of the physical operations of painting that is missing in most of the "still life" copiers.

If Morley were to say he liked Corot's light now, he would probably be referring not to the creamy Roman paintings so much as to the hazy, moody pictures of dim groves. Morley's style change has been from clearly given imagery to turbulent painterliness. The works take their origin in photographs and reproductions, but translated now into a rough, irregular, choked paint skin. The change was signaled when Morley began adding to his seamless photographic translations: a view of Buckingham Palace had attached to it a rosette, first class, a real one from a horse show, and a view of a South African Race Track was canceled by a big red X. These iconographical comments on monarchy in England and apartheid in South Africa lead to the complex recent work. The turning point was several paintings of telephone directories, in which Morley simulated the dirty and battered covers of public copies. At Stony Brook, in the Gallery as Studio, there are, among other things, "185," a 7-foot-long painting of a canceled check, a 9-foot across version of Raphael's "School of Athens," and a 29-foot-long "New York City Fold Out."

The check is a pictorial one from the Chemical Bank, with a sentimental sailboat scene backing up the writing and the computer coding: visual and verbal, the written and the printed, penetrate each other because of the deep ridged, shaggy impasto Morley uses now in place of the early immaculate touch. In "New York City Fold Out" the point of departure was a concertina-type postcard with views of the city: it stands now, as tall as a man, the enormous photographs of the landmarks legible through an autumnal mud of paint. Morley, since 1965, has been concerned with the transformation of known imagery by the mysterious processes of painting. He is aware, as never before in the new work, of the arbitrary nature of such translations. Essential to the transformation now is the visible track of the process of painting, that part of the art that has been jettisoned by his neat followers. □

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AT THAT TIME

At that time
it was almost necessary
to dream about dying
which I did
but the sirens were persistent
and kept on dismantling
the shield of my sleep

When I would awake
and find myself stretched out
on my own cold floor
the city would return to my window
with its black towel
stitched with sorrow
and wait for me to wipe my eyes
and start walking

There were other events of course
that I either won or lost
but it was winter I'm sure
as it seemed like my bones
were forever barking
to be let out into the yellow welcome
of a brightening field

Where every secret might come back
out of the house
of a small flower
where I might meet my life
as though it had just begun

J. P. White

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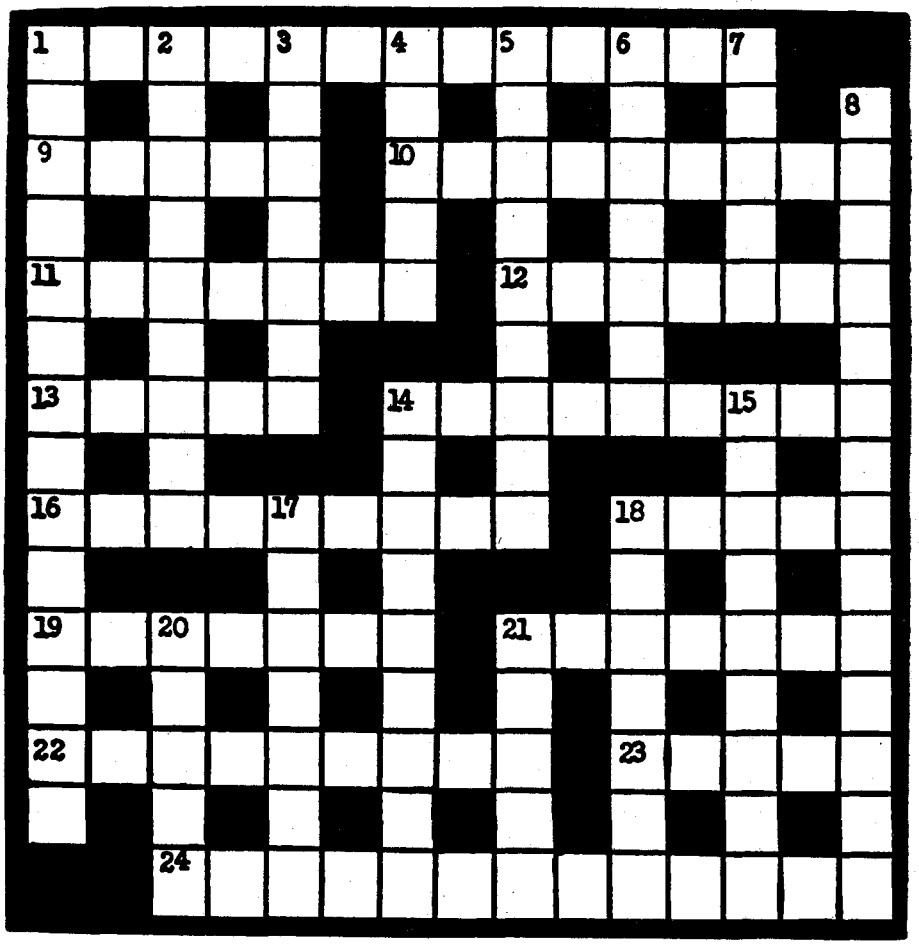
Crossword Puzzle No. 1445

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Specifically declares a person's cheery introduction is a matter of good politics. (13)
9 The sort of tread that's considered in terms of value. (5)
10 No longer standing pat, Ma Bell might throw a little light on the subject. (5,4)
11 If the last season had been different, would one say "weaseled"? (7)
12 Will the real one identify herself, if from Aquitaine? (7)
13 Marks down records and music. (5)
14 Abdicates, perhaps. (5,4)
16 The complete costumes of musical groups? (9)
18 Certainly no uniform head of state. (5)
19 What might be laid on top of the intellectual, commonly. (7)
21 Train. (7)
22 Was it Caesar's fault that he was, placing limits on debts so? (9)
23 Safeguard of the capitol at Chicago. (5)
24 Picks up the catcher, or just a rank distinction? (8,5)

DOWN

1 Head doctor who seems to give the military man the go-ahead. (7,7)
2 The Oldsmobile man and Lucille? (Throws in a certain amount of self-control!) (9)
3 Romanticists might like to find them happy. (7)
4 Made one of the possible 3 on board, but that's what some couples get! (5)
5 Not necessarily the quality of peers. (9)
6 Cheap politicians who sound ready to give you the treatment. (7)
7 Unpretentious land, it's on the level! (5)
8 One with a trainer plane or any beginner might serve it out. (14)
14 Allows bad composition to contain various greens and the like. (5,4)
15 How the basketball might be tipped, if not perfectly round. (3-6)
17 Might be one of those conductors, as most are. (7)
18 Rambles rather aimlessly in such as alleys, perhaps. (7)
20 Be surrounded by soldiers, and you'll get sarcastic remarks. (5)
21 It sounds thrown in a social group. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1444

ACROSS: 1 Amaranthine; 9 and 16 Kick over the traces; 10 Artery; 11 Consort; 12 Skyline; 14 Snails; 15 Lengthen; 17 Fantasia; 20 Fleshy; 22 Absence; 24 Current; 26 Bridal; 27 Princess; 28 Petrologist. DOWN: 2 Makeshift; 3 Reveres; 4 Nora; 5 Hearken; 6 Natal; 7 Minoan; 8 and 18 Prince Albert; 13 Pleas; 19 Secular; 20 Fluting; 21 Honest; 23 Endue; 25 Opal.

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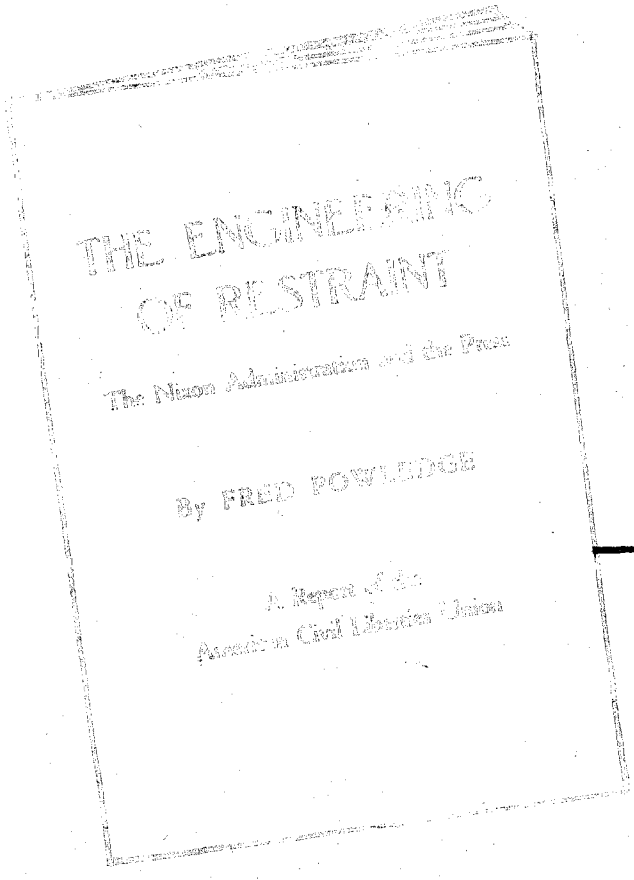
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The Nixon Administration and the Press
By FRED POWLEDGE
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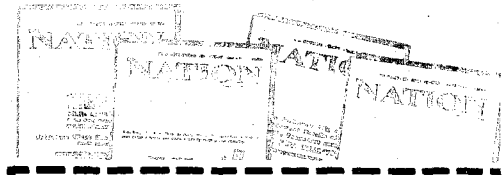

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